TITLE SEQUENCE

1 EXT. MOUNTAINS, NEAR GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - NIGHT

The snow covered Alps stand out clearly in the light of a full moon. A fortress-like CHATEAU is situated in a flat saddle of forest partway up the mountain, next to a frozen lake. The property is surrounded by high stone walls, and the stately grounds are bathed in floodlights and patrolled by armed guards with dogs.

2 EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

The driveway and motorcourt are filled with cars. A formal-dress party is in progress... a private reception for a middle-eastern dignitary. Tuxedoed men escort their diamond-encrusted ladies through the huge front doors, where they doff their overcoats and are politely scanned with hand-held metal detectors by white gloved security staffers.

The walled perimeter of the house runs along the lake, forming a kind of rampart. There is an opening, to a kind of waterway or canal, which connects to the private docks inside the grounds. There is a steel grating across the opening. The bars disappear down into the thin ice of early winter.

With the house visible BG, we CRANE DOWN below the parapet wall along which a guard in a white exposure-suit is walking... down along the dark wall to the grating... TILTING DOWN to see a glow pulsing under the ice.

3 EXT. BENEATH THE ICE, UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Camera moving toward: A FIGURE in diving gear working at the metal bars with an oxygen-arc cutting torch. One bar has already been cut out. Two quick cuts and a second bar falls to the muddy bottom. Lit now only from the floodlights filtering down through the ice, the figure slips through the bars and swims powerfully along the stone canal wall.

Seen from below, the figure is a black shadow moving against the rippled-glass of the ice above.

4 EXT. CANAL AND BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

A dock extends into the frozen canal, just behind a large boathouse. There is a faint chipping sound. The ice breaks quietly, and the pieces are slid back. A head appears, in a rubber drysuit hood. The DIVER slips the regulator out of his mouth and turns slowly, scanning... revealing:

HARRY TASKER. Our hero. Harry floats with just his eyes above the surface, silent as a water snake, as a guard passes on a footpath nearby.

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After a few beats Harry slips out of his tanks and fins, letting them sink, and climbs the frozen ladder onto the dock. He moves like a ninja into the shadows of the boathouse. Opening a WATERPROOF BAG, he pulls out a walky talky.

HARRY
I'm at the boathouse.

5 INT. / EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN, MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Meet Harry's partner, ALBERT "GIB" GIBSON, an overweight twenty-year-man with a lived-in looking face. Gib answers Harry via his headset.

GIB
Roger that.
(he covers the mike and turns)
Hey, Fize! Get your butt in here. Harry's inside.

Outside, EAST FAISIL, an Iranian-American, finishes making yellow snow and hurries back to the van. They are parked on a winding mountain road a half-mile from the chateau, whose lights are visible through the trees.

Faisil jumps in and goes to the eyepiece of a huge telephoto nightvision scope. The eerie green image lurches as he sweeps the grounds, locating the boathouse.

6 EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Concealed in the shadows, Harry is shucking out of his drysuit. Underneath it he is wearing black tux pants, suspenders, cummerbund and a formal shirt. He puts a tiny plug, like a hearing aid, deep in his ear canal. A SUB-VOCAL TRANSCEIVER. Very advanced.

HARRY
Switching to sub-vocal. Gib, you copy?

GIB (OVER)
It's Talkradio. You're on the air.

Harry slips into his shoulder harness... holster on one side, containing his .45 auto Glock-22, and the transmitter pack for the ear-piece slung on the other. He slips on a formal jacket, concealing the rig. Then a final touch. A little aftershave from a tiny plastic vial.

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Harry adjusts his bow-tie and strides confidently out of the shadows, crossing quickly to the main house. He looks ultrasharp in his black tux with the white silk cummerbund and his hair slicked back. He enters the main house through a back service entrance.

7 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harry strides through the huge kitchen like he owns the place. The kitchen staff are scurrying around, too busy to really notice. He finger-tastes a dish as he passes.

HARRY
(French/ subtitled)
This needs more garlic.

He breezes through, unchallenged, exiting into the--

8 INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Here the party is in full swing. Harry blends smoothly into the crowd of foreign dignitaries, businessmen and minor mid-east nobility. They are a high-octane mixture of new oil money and old European money, and run the spectrum from stodgy bankers to playboy arms dealers.

Harry strolls amiably among the glittering women, the cigar smoking men, casually snagging a glass of champagne and a canape from the passing waiters. He nods to someone as if he knows them. Greets another in quite fluent Farsi. People in his wake look at each other like "Do you know him?" They shrug, go on with their conversation. Harry moves through the crowd. Scanning.

HARRY
There's Daddy Petrobucks.

HARRY'S POV - Through the crowd he sees IBRAHIM KHALED, the host of the party and owner of the chateau. He is fat and animated, greeting guests with a flourish. As Harry watches he warmly greets a beautiful AMERICAN WOMAN. They become absorbed in a conversation.

The woman glances up and sees Harry checking her out. There is a frank moment of returned interest. Then the crowd shifts, cutting off their view of each other.

9 INT. STAIRCASE AND SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Harry makes his way up the grand staircase to the second floor, passing among the thinner crowd admiring Khaled's collection of antiquities... sculpture and artifacts from the ancient Persian empires of Cyrus and Darius. Harry slips through doors into the private area of the mansion.

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10 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The door opens and Harry slips into the darkened library, which is filled with expensive antiques. He crosses quickly to a window and opens it onto a terrace.

11 EXT. TERRACE/ ROOF - NIGHT

Harry goes onto the terrace. Climbs up on the icy railing He leaps an eight foot gap to the edge of the west-wing roof. In a display of acrobatic prowess he pulls himself up onto the tiled roof and climbs quickly to the peak. He runs along the icy peak like a mountain goat and drops down on the far end to another terrace.

He puts tape on one pane of a french-door and breaks the glass quietly, then lets himself into--

12 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Khaled's office is ornately furnished. Beautiful antiques glint in the moonlight coming in the french-doors. Harry crosses to an immense desk and boots up the computer there. Bathed in the glow from the screen, he pulls a FLAT BOX, about the size of a paperback, from the back of his cummerbund. He connects it quickly to the modem port in the back of the computer.

HARRY
Modem in place. Transmitting... now.

He pushes a button and a green light comes on.

13 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gib and Faisil watch as their monitor screen lights with DATA from Khaled's private computer.

FAISIL
Affirm, baby. We are in.

Fast Faisil is a computer ace. His fingers fly on the keyboard as he types rapid key commands. We see familiar "windows appear". The words are all in Arabic characters.

FAISIL
These are encrypted files, guys. This is going to take me a few minutes.

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14 INT. / EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

A view toward the terrace. Harry drops down into frame, landing like a cat. He straightens his jacket and smooths his hair as he re-enters the building.

15 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A DOOR. It opens a crack and a dental mirror comes out, looking around like a U-boat periscope. Seeing the coast is clear Harry slips out. But just as he is closing the door, a GUARD rounds the corner ten feet away. Harry turns smoothly. He smiles sheepishly and moves toward the guard.

HARRY
(in Farsi/ subtitled)
Where's the john around here? I have to take a major leak.

The guard points warily down the corridor. Harry nods and heads that way, back toward the party.

16 INT. MAIN HALL/ STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Harry comes down the staircase amid the glitter of the party. He is sipping champagne and looking bored. He sees two security guys moving purposefully through the crowd toward the stairs, walkies in their hands. He turns away as they pass him and pretends to study a large fragment of bas-relief... a temple frieze depicting a war chariot drawn by four horses.

He senses someone next to him and turns. It is the AMERICAN WOMAN. She is captivatingly beautiful, and her gaze is piercing.

HARRY
(indicating the bas-relief)
Magnificent, isn't it?

WOMAN
Yes. Hi. I'm Juno Skinner. I thought I knew most of Khaled's friends but I don't believe I know you.

Harry offers his hand to her.

HARRY
Renquist. Harry Renquist.

17 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gib whirls to the screen displaying the mission database. He scans rapidly for--

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GIB
Skinner. Skinner. Come on...

Gib finds the entry he's looking for. Juno's picture and data appear on the screen.

GIB
Juno Skinner. Art and antiquities dealer, specializing in ancient Persia.

18 INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Harry turns back to the fragment of frieze.

HARRY
This is Persian, if I'm not mistaken.

JUNO
Very good. It's sixth century B.C. Do you like the period?

HARRY
(shameless)
I adore it.

19 EXT. DOCK/ BOATHOUSE (NIGHTVISION POV) - NIGHT

Seen through the starlight scope, we see one of the guards shining his light on the hole in the ice and then on Harry's footprints leading to the boathouse. He calls to one of the other guards, who comes running over.

20 INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Harry, still with Juno, hears Gib in his ear:

GIB (VO)
Harry, we got a problem. Guards are swarming all over the dock.

Harry glances up the stairs. Khaled's SECURITY CHIEF is gesturing to several of his men, and speaking quickly into a walky. Three SECURITY MEN come down the stairs, scanning the crowd. Harry turns smoothly away from them and takes Juno's arm.

HARRY
Do you dance, Ms. Skinner?

He steers her toward the dance floor.

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21 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gib, listening, rolls his eyes. He looks through the night-vision scope. Guards are running around outside the chateau. Harry's stirred up the hornet's nest. Faisil is still jamming at the keyboard.

FAISIL
Okay, files are unlocked. I'm in. I'm down, baby. I got my hand up her dress and I'm going for the gold. I'm--

GIB
Just copy the goddamn files!
(into his headset)
Harry, don't be stopping to smell the roses, now. You hear me, Harry?

22 INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Harry whirls Juno aggressively across the dancefloor. She responds deftly. They are well matched. She parries each of his smooth moves with a flourish. It is a contest of wills, and a surprised appraisal for each that the other is worthy. Juno is *hot*. He bends her back at the waist, then snaps her up. She twirls into the crook of his arm. Their faces are inches apart. Wow. The music ends and she gives him a wry grin.

JUNO
Well. And I thought this was going to be just another bunch of boring bankers and oil billionaires.

GIB (OVER)
Harry, seconds count, buddy. Ditch the bitch, let's go.

HARRY
Unfortunately, Juno, I have a plane to catch.

She slips a card out of a pocket in her otherwise sheer dress. She hands it to him, maintaining eye contact. Serious sparks.

JUNO
Call me, if you'd like to see some of my other pieces.

HARRY
I'd like that.

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23 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Gib can't believe this conversation.

GIB
(to Faisil)
Son of a bitch is with her two minutes and she's ready to bear his children.
(to Harry)
What's your exit strategy Twinkle Toes?

24 EXT. CHATEAU/ FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Harry nods to the security men at the door as he strides confidently through. He goes down the steps to the broad terrace above the motor court. Behind Harry, a GUARD lowers his walky talky and starts after him.

GUARD
May I see your invitation, sir?

HARRY
Sure. Just a second.

Without turning, Harry slips a small flat box out of his breast pocket. A REMOTE DETONATOR. He pushes the button and--

INSERT- The modem transmitter in Khaled's office EXPLODES!

KABOOM! The second floor office windows blow out in a fiery explosion. Using the diversion, Harry leaps off the terrace before the guard can open fire.

25 INT. / EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Gib sees the rising fireball a half-mile away. He starts the van.

GIB
Aw, shit. Here we go--

26 EXT. CHATEAU AND GROUNDS - NIGHT

Harry sprints across the snow-covered lawn, through the trees. Guards with automatic weapons run after him, firing. The snow explodes around him with bullet hits.

TWO DOBERMANS pelt toward Harry, leaping at him in perfect unison. He waits... and knocks their heads together in mid-leap with a crack like a baseball bat. The dogs drop to the snow, wobbling around like they're drunk.

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As Harry sprints on, ANOTHER DOBERMAN lunges out of the bushes ahead, leaping directly for his throat. Harry grabs the dog and shot-puts him up into a tree without breaking stride. Dog Fu. The dog yelps and scrambles to hold onto an icy branch, looking down in amazement.

27 EXT. PERIMETER WALL/ MOUNTAIN SLOPE - NIGHT

Harry leaps down on the outside of the wall, hitting a snow bank and sliding downhill. He sprints down the gentle slope toward the highway.

Harry looks back as TWO GUARDS ON SKIS come out of a guard station beside the main entrance.

TRACKING WITH THE SKI-GUARDS, searching through the trees with lights. They have lost Harry. They stop. A snowbank behind them EXPLODES as Harry leaps out. He disables them both with vicious street-fighter moves. Harry looks upslope as--

A service gate opens in the perimeter wall and TEAMS OF SECURITY MEN in white snow-suits pour out, some on skis, some on SNOWMOBILES. A HELICOPTER rises over the wall in a blast of swirling snow. Its xenon light rakes through the trees, casting lurid wheeling shadows on the snow.

ON Harry, snapping closed the ski boots he has stolen from one of the disabled guards. He pops the boots quickly into the bindings and takes off downhill with one of the guard's FN FAL rifles slung across his back.

The helicopter swoops downhill, its searchlight blazing through the forest. Snowmobile headlights illuminate the ski-patrols zig-zagging among the trees.

Harry slashes expertly downhill. He cuts a distinguished figure in his black tux. Automatic weapons fire rips through the trees from behind him. Harry is going flat-out. The xenon light hits him. A 30. caliber machine gun in the chopper rips the slope into white clouds around him. Harry slashes, turns, weaving among the trees at breakneck speed. A snowmobile is closing in, outflanking him. He turns toward it, suddenly. Hits a mogul. Uses the air to slash his skis right across the rider's face. The snowmobile crashes and tumbles into the night.

28 INT. / EXT. VAN - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

GIB'S VAN takes an icy turn in a hairy slide.

INSIDE Gib is peering upslope, trying to see what's going on. All he can see are lights and gunfire.

GIB
Harry, what's your twenty? I need a position, buddy--

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Suddenly a skier in a black tux launches across the road from the slope above, RIGHT OVER THE VAN, and lands deftly downslope.

GIB
Uh... right! I'll catch you on the next bend.

Behind the van, pursuing guards leap across the road. Only about half can make the jump. The rest crash horribly. The helicopter thunders overhead.

29 EXT. MOUNTAIN SLOPE - NIGHT

Harry sees the chopper start an attack run. He comes out into the open, going straight downhill like a rocket. The chopper gets suckered in... trying to hit him, getting right down behind him... and suddenly-- Harry slides to a stop in an explosion of powder and whips up the rifle. P-P-P-POW! He rakes a burst across the windshield. The startled pilot swerves and-- Suddenly two tall pine trees are right in front of him.

K-WHACK! The main-rotor blades snap clean off and the chopper drops into the snow, plowing into a snowbank. It slides right to the edge of a steep ridge and stops, teetering.

Firing from a snowmobile, one of the guards puts a burst right across Harry's path. Harry's skis are hit and he tumbles, comes out of it... running down the hill like a juggernaut in his heavy boots. He has lost the rifle somewhere in the snow.

Harry takes cover behind the burning wreck of the downed chopper,which still has its engine running. The ski patrol opens fire from upslope. Rounds whacking against the disabled helicopter.

Harry looks down the slope and gets an idea. He jerks the unconscious pilot out and pushes on the fuselage, rocking it. It slips over the edge. He leaps inside as it topples forward and slides down the slope.

30 INT./ EXT. HELICOPTER - MOUNTAIN SLOPE - NIGHT

Harry adds throttle and works the footpedals, using the tail-rotor to steer. The chopper has snow-skids, and <u>Harry is skiing the damn thing down the mountain</u>.

We see Harry's military-pilot days paying off as he expertly works the controls. The copter is burning as it rockets down the slope on its skids. Bullets are hitting the fuselage, and everything around it. Skiers are wiping out, hitting trees. A snowmobile hits a rock and flies spectacularly into a ravine.

GIB (OVER)
Harry! Where are you?

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HARRY
In the helicopter.

31 INT./ EXT. VAN - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Gib slides the van around a curve.

GIB
(deadpan, to Faisil)
He's in the helicopter.

Gib is scanning above for the chopper. Then upslope he sees the burning fuselage skiing expertly among the trees.

The chopper hits a jump and launches into the air-- It crashes through trees, still soaring and-- Gib looks up, screaming as-- The chopper drops right toward him-- He hits the brakes and-- BLAMMO! It drops onto the road ten feet in front of the skidding van... then slides over the edge and tumbles into a rocky canyon where it BLOWS UP! The fireball lights up the night.

Gib and Faisil jump out of the van. Faisil has an MP5-K machine pistol. They look downslope at the burning wreckage.

GIB
<u>Harry?</u> <u>HARRY?!</u>

HARRY
What?

Gib and Faisil spin to look behind them. Harry is lodged in tree-branches hanging over the road. He reaches down to Gib, who grabs his hand and pulls. Harry tumbles down into the snowbank. He stands, brushing snow off his tux, and clomps toward the van in his ski-boots. He is completely unruffled.

HARRY
Let's go. We can still make our flight.

As Faisil is getting into the van behind Harry, TWO GUARD TEAMS ON SNOWMOBILES roar around the bend behind them, fish-tailing on the ice. Faisil OPENS FIRE. One snowmobile swerves over the embankment. The other pulls up broadside, and the guards duck behind it. Gib floors it and the van roars down the mountain. Faisil is still Ramboing on full-auto.

FAISIL
<u>This is GREAT!!</u> <u>I never get to shoot!</u>

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32 EXT. DULLES AIRPORT - NIGHT

An American Airlines 747 touches down amid puffs of tire smoke.

33 EXT. SUBURBAN D.C. STREET - NIGHT

A NON-DESCRIPT SEDAN pulls to the curb in a neighborhood of modest middle-income tract homes. The street is deserted. It is 4 A.M. Gib is at the wheel, dropping Harry off at his house.

34 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Harry is emptying his pockets... passport, business cards etc. All documents under the name "Renquist". He double checks that his pants and jacket pockets are empty. Gib fastidiously puts the items into a plastic zip-lock.

HARRY
Empty. Go.

Gib starts handing him items from a briefcase. This should all feel like a tired ceremony between them.

GIB
Harry Tasker wallet. Harry Tasker passport. Plane ticket stub, hotel receipt, Tasker. Two postcards of Lake Geneva. House keys. Souvenir snowing Swiss village.

Gib shows him how it snows when you shake it up and turn it over.

HARRY
What's this for?

GIB
For Dana, schmuck. Bring your kid something. You know. The dad thing.

HARRY
Got it. Nice touch. Okay, pick me up at eight. The de-brief is at ten hundred.

Harry opens the car door.

GIB
Hey, hey, hey... what are we forgetting?

Gib holds up Harry's gold wedding band. Harry puts it on.

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HARRY
What a team. See you at eight.

GIB
Yup. Sleep fast.

35 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry slips inside. He sets down his suitcase and walks quietly down the hall. He pauses at a door with lurid labels and stickers plastered all over it (Toxic Waste, STAY OUT!, IF IT'S TOO LOUD YOU'RE TOO OLD, etc.)

Harry silently opens the door and looks in at his sleeping daughter, DANA. She looks like an angel in the moonlight coming in the window. In fact, she is a typical 14 year old girl, and therefore hardly an angel. But to Harry she is unflawed.

36 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry, undressed now, slips into bed next to... a lump in the covers which we presume to be a human being. This is HELEN TASKER, Harry's wife of 15 years. He kisses her on the cheek and she stirs. She rolls toward him, giving him a sleepy hug and a kiss.

HELEN
(a drowsy murmur)
Hi, honey. How was the flight?

HARRY
Fine, honey. Stay asleep.

HELEN
Okay.

As she drifts off, Harry puts his head on the pillow and stares at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. TASKER HOUSE - DAY (MORNING)

TIGHT ON SWISS VILLAGE. It is snowing.

ON DANA, reacting to the present Harry just gave her.

DANA
Hey, thanks dad. I never had one of these.

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They are in her room, which is your basic room from Hell. Pearl Jam posters, and an unbelievable clutter of junk, magazines and cheap jewelry. Harry kisses her on the cheek, to which she submits dutifully. He looks at his watch and heads for the door.

HARRY
You better hurry. You're going to be late for school.

Harry hurries out and Dana considers the Swiss village a moment.

DANA
Really lame.

She plonks it straight in the wastebasket.

38 INT. HALLWAY/BEDROOM/ BATHROOM - DAY

Harry strides down the hall, avoiding their beagle, CLYDE, who skitters past him going the other way.

HARRY
Dana, don't forget to feed Clyde!

Harry crosses the bedroom, hurrying past Helen who is clearly rushing to get ready herself. We get our first good look at Helen. She is wearing a terrycloth robe as she picks out an outfit. Her hair is wrapped in a towel. To call her plain would be inaccurate. She could be attractive if she put any effort into it, which doesn't occur to her.

HARRY
I'm late.

HELEN
Me too.

They talk without looking at each other, the way people who have been together a long time do.

HELEN
How'd it go at the trade show? You make all the other salesmen jealous?

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HARRY
Yeah. You should have seen it. We were the hit of the show with the new model ordering system, the one for the 680... how you can write up an order and the second the customer's name goes into the computer, it starts checking their credit, and if they've ordered anything in the past, and if they get a discount...

She is already turning him out. And it hits us: SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT HARRY REALLY DOES.

HELEN
(barely listening)
That's fabulous Harry.

HARRY
Yeah, it was wild.

Harry glances at her, oblivious to him and brushing her teeth. He smiles. The best lies are told with enthusiasm.

39 INT. FRONT HALLWAY, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gib opens the door, knocks a bit, then strolls in like he lives there. He is wearing dark Ray Bans, like he's doing a Roy Orbison impression. Clyde the beagle runs toward him, wagging his tail, but Gib gives him the evil eye.

GIB
Come any closer I'll kill you.

The dog backs up, whining plaintively. Gib throws his jacket over the back of the couch and then, inexplicably, he takes out a pack of CAMELS and sets it on the mantlepiece. He adjusts its position carefully. Hmmmm.

40 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Harry and Helen maneuver around each other expertly. She is doing her make-up.

HELEN
The plumber came yesterday. He said they have to dig under the slab or something and it's going to be six hundred dollars to fix.

Harry is not really paying attention as he ties his tie in front of the mirror. His mind is elsewhere. He couldn't care less about these domestic problems.

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HARRY
Uh huh. Okay.

HELEN
It's *not* okay. It's extortion.

HARRY
What did you tell him?

HELEN
I slept with him and he knocked off a hundred bucks.

HARRY
Good thinking, honey.

Harry kisses her on the cheek and exits.

41 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Gib enters and pours two cups of coffee. Dana is drinking orange juice from the bottle at the fridge.

GIB
Hi, kid.

DANA
Hey, Gib. What up?

She EXITS, eating an uncooked pop-tart. Harry comes in a second later and Gib hands him his coffee.

HARRY
Thanks dear.

GIB
Here, check these out.

Gib hands Harry the glasses. Harry studies them, seeing the VIRTUAL VIDEO DISPLAY inside the left lens of the Ray Bans. Harry glances down the hall, making sure no-one is looking, then he puts them on.

HARRY'S POV - INSIDE THE GLASSES - A black and white video image of his own living room.

GIB
The CCD camera and transmitter are inside a pack of smokes. Slick little unit, huh?

IN POV we see Dana enter the living room. She looks around carefuly, then quickly lifts Gib's jacket and slips out his wallet. She palms two twenties in the blink of an eye and puts the wallet back. Pro moves.

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HARRY
Son of a bitch!

GIB
What?

Harry whips off the glasses and charges out of the kitchen. Gib goes after him.

42 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Dana comes out the front door, letting it slam behind her, and runs to her boyfriend, TRENT, who is waiting for her in the driveway on his idling YAMAHA. Trent is 16, dressed in grunge-rock style, trying to look tough. Harry comes out the front door as Trent revs the motor.

HARRY
Dana!!

She waves from the back of the bike as Trent pops the clutch and they shoot down the driveway.

DANA
(yelling over the engine)
Can't stop, I'm late. Bye, Dad!

43 INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR/ STREETS OF WASHINGTON - DAY

They are driving through the suburbs of D.C. Harry is still a shocked by his daughter's behavior.

GIB
Kids. Ten seconds of joy. Thirty years of misery.

HARRY
She knows not to steal. I've taught her better than that.

GIB
Yeah, but you're not her parents, anymore, you and Helen. Her parents are Axl Rose and Madonna. The five minutes you spend a day with her can't compete with that kind of constant bombardment. You're outgunned, amigo.

Gib and Harry turn onto Pennsylvania Avenue, heading toward Lafayette Square. Capital Hill is behind them.

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GIB
Kids now are ten years ahead of where we were at the same age. You probably think she's still a virgin--

HARRY
Don't be ridiculous. She's only-how old is she?

GIB
Fourteen, Harry.

HARRY
Right. She's only fourteen.

GIB
Uh huh. And her little hormones are going like a fire alarm. I say even money she lets that physicist on the bike boink her.

HARRY
No way. Not Dana.

GIB
Okay. Okay. De-nial ain't just a river in Egypt. She's probably stealing the money to pay for an abortion.

HARRY
Just drive the car.

Long pause. Gib drives.

GIB
Or drugs.

44 INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Harry and Gib enter their offices on the 12th floor. Behind the receptionist is a burnished metal sign which reads SYNTEL SYSTEMS.

45 INT. SYNTEL OFFICES - DAY

They cross a huge open floor of cubicle spaces. There is the hum of activity everywhere. A normal day at a normal business. People nod and smile, say good morning, as they pass. They go into a corridor.

GIB
Twenty here, fifty there... I figured my wife's boyfriend was taking it.

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HARRY
I thought you moved out.

GIB
I moved back in. My lawyer said it would give me a better claim on the house in the property settlement. Don't change the subject... you owe me two hundred bucks.

They stop at a door, like any other along the corridor. It is blank. Gib takes a small plastic card from his pocket and touches it to an unmarked spot just above the doorknob. There is the sound of a SOLENOID LOCK. Gib opens the door and they go in.

46 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

They pass through a short corridor, which is featureless except for video surveillance cameras. They approach another door, with a (bulletproof) glass window in it. Beyond is a brightly lit room, with a woman sitting at a desk... and nothing else. Gib presses a buzzer.

47 INT. OUTER SECURITY ROOM - DAY

JANICE sits at the non-descript desk like a receptionist... but she is a highly trained security specialist. She is also hefty through the shoulders, aggressively unattractive and utterly humorless. She watches them on a monitor screen as they stand outside the door. Harry and Gib appear as living X-ray images. Their weapons are visible in their shoulder harnesses. Janice puts one hand automatically on the butt of a .45 tucked in a holster rivetted beneath her desk. She buzzes Harry and Gib in with the other.

JANICE
Gentlemen, please identify yourselves to the scanner.

Harry and Gib step up to the combination retinal-thumbprint-voice scanners. Harry presses his thumb against a black-glass plate for laser scan, and looks into the eye-piece of the retinal scanner.

HARRY
Harry Tasker. One zero zero two four.

GIB
Albert Gibson. Three four nine nine one.

Their clearance appears on a monitor on Janice's desk.

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JANICE
Thank you. You are cleared.

She stands to give them plastic I.D. badges which they hang around their necks.

GIB
Janice, how many years have you been buzzing us in?

JANICE
Ten, Mr. Gibson.

GIB
And you still reach for your piece every time.

JANICE
Yes sir.

GIB
God! You have no idea how much that turns me on. I've never had the courage to say this before but... I love you, Janice.

JANICE
Yes, sir.

He kisses her wetly on the cheek as he goes by. She does not react in any discernable way.

They pass through a heavy stainless steel door which opens automatically. Beyond is a kind of airlock... a SALLY PORT. Behind a lexan shield are TWO GUARDS armed with MP5s. They nod but do not speak as Harry and Gib pass them.

HARRY
You better watch it. She might file on you for sexual harassment.

GIB
In her dreams.

48 INT. OMEGA SECTOR INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Gib and Harry pass through the inner door of the sally port into a large austere atrium.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE as they cross. A huge graphic logo covers the floor. Across the center it says OMEGA SECTOR. In smaller print, around the perimeter, is the motto: "THE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE".

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They enter a high-tech office space. It is a maze of glass partitions surrounding a central floor-space of cubicles. There is a hushed quality here. People do not joke. They do not hurry. There are a lot of computer screens displaying information from around the world. It looks like a combination of NASA mission control and FBI headquarters.

Fast Faisil greets them, yawning, as they pass his partitioned cubicle.

HARRY
Come on, Fizz. We're late for our butt-grinding.

Faisil gulps his coffee and hurries after them.

49 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A dark and severe conference room, with large-screen computer displays at one end. Glowering at one end of the long, polished table, is SPENCER TRILBY, the chief of Omega Sector. Visualize a cross between Colin Powel and J. Edgar Hoover.

TRILBY
Jesus, Harry! You guys really screwed the pooch last night. Please tell me how I can look at this, that it's not a total pooch-screw.

HARRY
Total is a strong word--

GIB
There are degrees of totality.

FAISIL
It's a scale really, with "perfect mission" on one end and "total pooch-screw" on the other and we're more about here--

TRILBY
Faisil. You're new on Harry's team, aren't you?

FAISIL
Yes.

TRILBY
So what makes you think that the slack I cut him in any way translates to you?!

FAISIL
Sorry, sir. Uh... here's what we got.

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He hits a button and a photo of Khaled fills a wall-screen.

FAISIL
Ibrahim Khaled. We think he's dirty so we raid his private financial files... Check it out...

Faisil hits some buttons and a second screen lights up with the data from their raid.

FAISIL
One hundred million in wire transfers from the FIRST BANK OF ISLAM--

GIB
Which we all know is a front for certain fundamentalist nations to fund terrorist activities. And we know that two weeks ago four MIRV warheads were stolen from a launch silo in the former Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan.

TRILBY
You think Khaled is making a buy.

HARRY
He's probably already made it.

GIB
The warheads were brought out by black-marketeers and are still somewhere in the mid-east--

HARRY
We think his terrorist cadre is trying to bring them to US soil.

GIB
The question is how? Who's their conduit?

TRILBY
Do you have anything remotely substantial? Don't be pumping beets up my ass here. Do you have hard data?

HARRY
Not what you'd call *rock hard*.

GIB
It's pretty limp, actually.

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TRILBY
So far this is not blowing my skirt up, gentlemen. You better get some answers before somebody parks a car in front of the White House with a nuclear weapon in the goddamn trunk!

50 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

It is the interior of a huge law office. Helen works there as a paralegal. She is going to the break room for coffee with her friend, ALLISON, a secretary. Allison is black, younger than Helen, and still single.

HELEN
I mean, it's not like he's saving the world or anything. He's a sales rep for Chrissakes. Whenever I can't get to sleep I ask him to tell me about his day. Six seconds and I'm out. But he acts like he's curing cancer or something.

ALLISON
So I guess you didn't go skiing over the weekend after all?

HELEN
Are you kidding? Harry had to go out of town.

ALLISON
I'm shocked.

HELEN
Yeah. You know Harry.

Helen's nerdy boss BRAD, comes up behind her, scowling.

BRAD
Helen, have you pulled those files yet? I need them by lunch.

HELEN
I won't let you down, Brad.

Brad leaves.

ALLISON
That little pencil-neck. You know I heard he wears pantyhose under his suit. No, really.

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HELEN
I believe it. So... yo... sista! D'you do anything interesting?

HELEN
Oh... Eric and I flew up to Cape Cod. We stayed at this little inn, and you know... pretty much lapped champagne out of each other's navels for two days.

HELEN
You bitch.

ALLISON
Girlfriend, you got a man. Just take him and go off someplace. Make him chill out.

HELEN
He never chills out. Harry has two moods: busy... and asleep.

ALLISON
Then you better do something to jumpstart that man's motor. You know... wake up the sleeping giant of his passion.

They both crack up at that one.

51 INT. HOTEL ROOM (TRAINING CENTER) - DAY

Harry is sitting in a chair in a sparse hotel-room, waiting. The door behind him is kicked open and three heavily armed COMMANDOS burst in spraying the room with gunfire.

WHIP-PAN to see TERRORISTS firing back at them, and getting shot. A dead terrorist falls at Harry's feet. Silence and gunsmoke. Harry steps back apologetically.

HARRY
Sorry, guys. I didn't know you were in here this morning.

WIDER showing that it is a training set. The "dead" terrorists are getting up, and an INTRUCTOR walks in, grading the group.

Harry leaves the set and meets up with Gib and Faisil coming from the COMPUTER ANALYSIS department. In the background we see agents firing pistols at large computer simulation screens behind one-inch lexan windows.

HARRY
What'ya got?

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The following will play as they wend their way through the training center. We will glimpse a range of activities behind them, such as: Rappelling. General fitness and weight training. Hand to hand combat with knives, garottes, bare-hands. Classes in surveillance gear and electronic intelligence gathering.

FAISIL
(handing Harry a printout)
Here, check this out--

GIB
It's a two million dollar disbursement from Khaled to... Juno Skinner.
(Harry raises an eyebrow)
Uh huh. The babe-at-the-party-Juno-Skinner.

HARRY
It doesn't mean anything. She buys antiquities for Khaled.

GIB
Nope. The art buys are in a separate ledger.

FAISIL
And this is a little above market-rate for the humpty hump, even for a total biscuit like her. It's gotta be something else.

HARRY
Alright, I want a complete workup on her. Do we know where she is?

FAISIL
Uh huh. Right here in river city.

HARRY
You're kidding.

FAISIL
She lives in Rome, but she does stuff with the Smithsonian and has a lot of diplomatic connections, so she has offices in DC.

Gib starts tangoing with an imaginary partner.

GIB
Sounds like a job for a specialist.

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52 INT. TASKER HOUSE/ KITCHEN - NIGHT (10PM)

DING! Harry opens the microwave as his dinner finishes re-heating. He sits down alone at the kitchen table and pulls the Saran-wrap off the plate. Another solo supper two hours late. His motions are so automatic we gather that this is the rule, not the exception. Helen comes in from the living room, holding the suspense novel she is reading.

HELEN
I need you to talk to Dana. The vice principal called and she cut class again this afternoon.

HARRY
I'll handle it.

Harry picks up his porkchop and goes out the back door.

53 EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A basketball hoop is bolted to the garage and Dana is shooting baskets in the driveway. Moths orbit the outside floodlights. She sinks one, dribbles back to the foul line. Harry comes up behind her and lifts the ball out of her hands as she stands poised to shoot. She turns.

HARRY
Dana, Mr. Hardy called. Why weren't you in class today?

DANA
He lies! I was there! I was in the nurse's office, cause I had a headache.

HARRY
You seem fine now.

DANA
Great! You're going to believe that fat dweeb Mr. Hardy over your own daughter.

HARRY
I'm not sure what to believe anymore, young lady. You never used to lie to me. But lately you don't seem to know the difference between right and wrong.

Dana studies something really fascinating at the end of a fingernail.

HARRY
Dana, are you listening to me?

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DANA
Yeah, Dad.

HARRY
You know you can always talk to me. Right? Whatever is going on in your life, your mom and I'll understand.

DANA
Okay, Dad.

HARRY
You'd tell me if there was something wrong, wouldn't you, pumpkin?

DANA
I'm not a pumpkin! Okay?!! Do I look even remotely like a pumpkin?! I'm not a muffin, or a cupcake or a honeybear either! And you don't understand anything Dad!

Dana runs into the house, crying.

54 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Dana bolts down the hall and slams the door to her room. Harry comes back into the kitchen.

HELEN
(macho voice)
"I'll handle it".

HARRY
What's going on with her?

HELEN
The mind of a fourteen year old girl is a phenomenon for which modern science has no rational explanation. Come on, eat your dinner.

CUT TO:

55 INT. / EXT. LIMO - DAY (NEXT MORNING)

A BLACK LIMO cruises through a morning full of bright promise.

INSIDE, Gib is at the wheel in a chauffeur's uniform. He talks to Harry, riding in the back, without turning.

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GIB
It's all set up... ghost phones and fax, all the usual stuff. You have a suite at the Marquis Hotel under Renquist. Okay, reality check. Go.

HARRY
Hi, I'm Harry Renquist. I own a--

56 INT. JUNO'S OFFICES - DAY

HARRY
--corporate art consulting company in San Francisco. I have an appointment with Ms. Skinner--

Harry is extending his business card to the receptionist as Juno breezes into the lobby from a corridor. She is dressed sharply and looks as stunning as Harry remembers.

JUNO
Harry! I thought I might see you again. I just didn't expect you to call so soon.

Juno lingers a second or so long on the handshake.

HARRY
Well, what's the point of waiting?

JUNO
I agree.

There is definitely unholy magnetism here. She indicates for Harry to walk with her and leads him through the suite of offices. There are mounted fragments of ancient sculpture in niches on either side, and beautifully restored mosaics and tablets of heiroglyphics mounted on the walls.

JUNO
So your clients want something for the lobby of their new corporate headquarters?

HARRY
That's right. They want something... dramatic. I spoke to a number of people who said you're the one to see.

Juno leads Harry through a door into a large warehouse area. There is a bustle of activity as workmen unpack crates. An overhead crane is used to move huge stone pieces. There are massive columns, and statues two stories high. Even the entire facade of a tomb.

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JUNO
So what did these... people... say about me exactly?

They stroll amongst the statues, as coveralled workmen move around them with tools, scaffolding, pneumatic equipment. Most of the workers are middle-eastern.

HARRY
Let's see... that you can read ancient Sanskrit without having to sound out the words. And that other dealers and archeologists don't like you much.

JUNO
They're wimps. It's because I use my diplomatic contacts to export cultural treasures from countries which tell them to take a hike.
(yelling in Arabic to two workmen)
I told you to move those crates an hour ago. Come on guys, let's get going.

We realize that A WORKMAN is watching them intently from nearby. He is an intense looking MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN in his mid-thirties.

JUNO
You see, a lot of these pieces are from ancient Persia. Unfortunately, ancient Persia lies about twenty feet under the sand of present-day Iran, Iraq and Syria. Not the most popular places lately. So I've had to become an expert in international diplomacy.

Juno stops and looks at Harry. Her smile indicates the possibility of more than just business.

JUNO
Well, do you see anything you like, Mr. Renquist?

CUT TO:

57 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Harry, Gib and Fast Faisil are in a luxury suite at the MARQUIS HOTEL. It is a corner suite, with a spectacular view of the city. Faisil is routinely sweeping the room for bugs with an electronic DETECTOR.

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HARRY
She's importing stuff from all over the mid-east.

GIB
She could be moving money, guns. Anything.

FAISIL
And the second you left there, we started getting queries to the ghost numbers. They were checking out the Renquist front.

HARRY
Okay. Let's step up the surveillance on her. Put on two more guys.

58 INT. JUNO'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

WE FOLLOW the WORKMAN we saw watching Harry earlier. He catches up with Juno, who is going through the doors to the office area. His name is MALIK.

MALIK
Ms. Skinner? Can I speak to you for a moment please, in your office?

His manner is self-effacing. Humble. He doesn't meet her gaze. She nods and they go into her private office.

59 INT. JUNO'S OFFICE - DAY

MALIK comes in behind her and closes the door. The moment they are away from public observation, his manner changes. His humble posture straightens and his eyes flash intensely as he approaches her. Without warning he SLAPS HER HARD ACROSS THE FACE.

MALIK
<u>You stupid, undisciplined bitch</u>!

Her jaw clenches but her reaction is surprisingly submissive.

JUNO
It's a good thing you pay me well.

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MALIK
Do you realize that there are surveillance teams watching this place right now? Your phones are almost certainly tapped. And you are busy laughing and flirting like a whore with this Renquist, who may be a--

JUNO
No. He checked out okay--

Malik slaps her again.

MALIK
That is for interrupting.
(He backhands her)
And that is for being wrong. We do not tolerate mistakes.

Juno bites her lip.

JUNO
What do you want me to do?

MALIK
Find out who this Renquist is.

JUNO
How?

MALIK
Use the gifts that Allah has given you.

60 INT. SYNTEL SYSTEMS OFFICES - DUSK

The phone rings on the desk of CHARLENE, Harry's secretary at Syntel, the permanent front-company for Omega Sector.

SECRETARY
Hello, Syntel Systems. Mr. Tasker's office.

61 INT. TASKER HOUSE - DUSK

Helen is in the kitchen, showing Dana how to put icing on a large birthday cake.

HELEN
Hi, Charlene? It's Helen. Is he there?

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62 INT. SYNTEL OFFICES - DUSK

Charlene doesn't hesitate a microsecond.

CHARLENE
Harry's in a sales meeting, Mrs. Tasker. Let me try him in there. Hold please.

She punches a key, engaging a digital scrambler and connecting to--

63 INT. SUITE AT THE MARQUIS - DUSK

A PHONE RINGS. Gib opens his briefcase and looks at the console of the cellular scrambler-phone inside. The display reads SYNTEL SYSTEMS.

GIB
It's a patch from Syntel.

Harry picks up the phone. INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING WITH HELEN.

HARRY
This is Harry. Oh, hi honey. What's going on?

HELEN
Sorry to bother you in a meeting, but you have to promise me that you'll be home at eight, Harry. I don't want Dana and I sitting here by ourselves like we were last year. You promise?

HARRY
(laughing)
Baby, I said I'd be there. Really. Trust me.
(the room phone RINGS)
Gotta go, honey. Bye bye.

RING. Harry raises an eyebrow as he answers.

HARRY
Hello? Oh, Juno, hi.
(pause)
Well sure. I can be there in twenty minutes.

Harry hangs up. Gib, checking his watch, has a look like he's got a bad gas pain.

HARRY
What? It's on the way. She says she's got something for me.

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GIB
Yeah, right.

64 INT. JUNO'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A WORKMAN guides Harry through the maze of statuary. He points toward the back of the warehouse and then leaves. Harry is left alone in the vast space.

Only a few lights are on, rendering the place somewhat Gothic. Harry strolls in the direction the workman pointed. Ahead of him, is the huge facade of a royal tomb. There is a flickering light inside. A shadow moves across the wall in the entryway.

HARRY
Hello?

He enters the stone doorway of the tomb. FOLLOWING HARRY as he steps into the inner chamber. There is an oil-lamp burning on a stone sarcophagus, the only light. The room appears empty.

REVERSE ON HARRY. Behind him a figure emerges from a shadowed alcove. It is Juno. She looks ethereal in the strange light.

JUNO
Hello, Harry.

Harry whips around, startled.

JUNO
Do you like my tomb? The museum financing is falling out, so I thought your clients might be interested.

HARRY
It's certainly... dramatic.

JUNO
Especially in this light. This is the only light they would have had then, so I like to study it this way. I love this place. I love all ruins.

HARRY
Is that why you got into this business?

Juno turns to him in the flickering half-light. She moves closer. Her eyes seem to glitter.

JUNO
I've always been a collector at heart. When I see something I want, I have to have it.

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HARRY
And you have a reputation as
someone who gets what she wants.

She is very close to him. Her eyes seem to glitter in the light from the oil lamp. She is unbelievably beautiful.

JUNO
Yes, I do.

65 INT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib is sitting in the car, in the shadows, up the street... with his earphone in place. Listening.

GIB
Harry, this is your conscience
speaking...

66 INT. TOMB - NIGHT

Juno picks up the lamp and walks along the wall, holding it up so that the flickering shadows seem to bring the bas-relief figures to life. Stone faces shift and change, stone eyes move.

JUNO
Look at this. People who died
twenty five centuries ago.

Juno presses her cheek against the cold stone. She runs her fingers slowly across the figures. It is strange and erotic.

JUNO
They breathed and loved and wept,
just like us. And now their
ideals, their religions, their
social orders... are gone like
mist. What did any of it matter?

She crosses to Harry.

JUNO
I only hope they lived well.
That they got what they wanted.

She puts her hands on him and pulls herself close. It is a hypnotic moment.

JUNO
Getting what you want is the only
important thing.

She kisses him, very lightly, with infinite sensuality.

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67 INT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

GIB
Harry? Listen to the following code word. Helen. H-E-L-E-N. Now, do you want me to I beep you?

68 INT. TOMB - NIGHT

Harry breaks the kiss... slowly pulling back.

HARRY
Yes.

JUNO
Yes what?

HARRY
Uh, yes, it is important.

Juno is moving in for a more passionate lip-lock when-- BEEP BEEP BEEP!! Harry pulls his beeper off his hip and looks at it. The moment is spoiled.

HARRY
Uh, it looks like I have to run. I'll call you tomorrow. Your proposal is very interesting.

69 INT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib lets out a big exhale of relief. He looks at his watch.

70 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Helen and Dana are sitting expectantly at the dining room table. There is a big cake, and presents piled on the buffet. The food is getting cold. Helen looks at her watch.

DANA
See.

71 INT./EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Harry is lost in thought as Gib drives through evening traffic. Gib keeps checking the rearview.

GIB
We have a friend. Five cars back, inside lane.

Harry adjusts the passenger side mirror.

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HARRY
Station wagon?

GIB
Uh huh. It's turned with us four times. Want me to lose them?

HARRY
They probably picked us up leaving Juno's. The Renquist thing is working.
(into his Rover)
Unit Seven. What's your twenty?

UNIT SEVEN
Seven here. We're still staked out on the Skinner offices.

Harry consults a grid-map of the city on a computer monitor below the dash.

HARRY
(into Rover)
Okay. I need you at... uh, the Larchmont mall in two minutes. We'll be eastbound on Fairview with a bogey about 200 meters behind us.

SEVEN
Copy that. We're rolling.

GIB
Helen's going to be pissed.

HARRY
See, that's the problem with terrorists. They're really inconsiderate when it comes to people's schedules.

72 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

There are three men in the car. YUSIF and MAHMOUD are in the front, with Mahmoud driving. In the back, shadowed, we can just make out ABU MALIK. Yusif is massively built, with a body like a beer-keg. Mahmoud is skinny and intense.

73 INT. UNIT SEVEN CAR - LARCHMONT MALL - NIGHT

The two agents, FAST FAISIL and a guy named KEOUGH, pull to the curb near the mall and wait, scanning traffic.

FAISIL
Here they come.

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74 INT./EXT. GIB'S CAR - MALL - NIGHT

Harry puts his SUB-VOCAL TRANSCIEVER into his ear canal.

HARRY
Test two three.
(Gib nods, receiving)
Pull over here.

Gib pulls the car to the curb near the mall entrance. Half a block behind them the station wagon does the same. Harry slips on the virtual-image sunglasses and gets out of the car.

75 EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Harry pauses on the sidewalk a moment to light a cigarette. He coughs slightly.

GIB
(in his ear)
You don't smoke, dickhead.

Harry lets his hand drop to his side, holding the pack of cigarettes casually. He turns his hand. The tiny lens in the cigarette pack glints.

POV VIDEO SCREEN --inside the left lens of the glasses. The camera in the cigarette pack reveals Yusif and Mahmoud getting out of their cars, crossing the street half a block away.

Harry strolls into the mall. It is an open promenade design, with a moderate crowd of shoppers and movie-goers. Harry watches in the glasses as Mahmoud and Yusif slip through the crowd behind him.

GIB(VO)
What's the plan?

HARRY
(apparently mumbling to himself)
Gonna try to get a closer shot of Ren and Stimpy back there.

76 INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib looks in the rearview, studying the car behind him.

GIB
There's another guy, still in the car.

HARRY
(on radio)
Stay on him.

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All Gib can see is a silhouette in the car. A soft cherry glow, the tip of a cigarette in the dark. No features.

77 EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Harry turns off the main concourse, into a narrower walkway between shops. In the video-glasses he watches Yusif and Mahmoud, who have split up to look less conspicuous, as they track him through the pedestrian traffic.

78 INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib is on the cellular phone.

GIB
Helen? Hi, it's Gib. Harry remembered something he left at the office. You know Harry.

As he is talking he sees that a bus has blocked his view of the station wagon.

79 INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She sighs fatalistically.

HELEN
Yeah, Gib. I know Harry.

Helen hangs up the phone just as Dana strides through the room, putting on a jacket and heading for the front door.

HELEN
Where are you going?

DANA
Out. If Dad doesn't care enough about us to be here on his birthday, then why should I care? I'm going to a movie.

HELEN
No you're not. You're going to stay here until your father gets home and have cake!

DANA
Mom, wake up! Dad barely knows we exist.

We see the hurt in her eyes. She doesn't hate her father. She just misses him.

HELEN
That's not true, honey--

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DANA
It is true! He doesn't know anything about me. He still thinks I'm like ten years old or something. As long as I just smile and say yes to whatever he says, like his good little fantasy daughter, he thinks everything's fine. But it's not fine. Nothing's fine.

Dana runs out of the kitchen by the other door. Helen runs after her.

HELEN
Dana! Come back here!

The slamming door is her answer.

80 EXT. MALL - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Yusif sees Harry, up ahead, enter a public restroom. He signals Mahmoud with his eyes and the two of them close in on the restroom.

81 INT. / EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib hangs up the car-phone. Then the bus blocking his view finally pulls away and Gib sees that the station wagon is empty. No silhouette.

GIB
Oh shit.
(into his headset)
Harry, I lost the third guy.
Harry?

82 INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Harry can't answer because Mahmoud just entered the room behind him. Harry is at one of the urinals, apparently taking a leak. Mahmoud goes to the mirror. Starts combing his hair. He doesn't much notice the pack of Camels sitting on the counter nearby. Harry is whistling. Shaking himself.

HARRY'S POV - In the video glasses Harry sees himself and Mahmoud. Yusif comes into the restroom, seemingly ignoring both Harry and Mahmoud, as if heading for the stalls. As he passes behind Harry he reaches into his coat--

Harry spins lightning fast. He knocks away the SILENCED PISTOL aimed at the back of his head with a sweeping block, capturing Yusif's arm in an arm-lock. The shot goes wide, shattering a urinal.

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Harry slams his palm into Yusif's face like a piledriver, and spins him against the steel stalls. The silenced pistol goes skittering across the floor.

Mahmoud whips a pistol out of his waistband. Still holding the bear-like Yusif, Harry draws his Glock so fast we can barely see him move. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Three .45 slugs go through Mahmoud's chest, shattering the mirror behind him. He flops on his butt, slumping against the wall.

Yusif, who is easily Harry's size, bellows and grabs his gun arm. They smash against the walls, struggling for the gun. Yusif, locked to Harry, hurls him against the stalls. They hit a locked door, which pops open, banging inward.

Yusif drives Harry to the floor. Harry's head is between the shoes of an OLD GUY sitting on the can, who looks down uncomprehendingly at him.

Yusif slams Harry's gun hand repeatedly against the doorframe of the stall. He twists Harry's wrist brutally. He even pounds against Harry's hand with his knee. The old guy winces. That's <u>got</u> to hurt. Harry cries out in pain and the gun drops. Yusif reaches for it, but Harry kicks it under the stalls.

He punches Yusif in the face, driving him back. They grapple, spinning. Harry drives Yusif's head into the counter. Then he elbows him in the throat and they crash together on the filthy floor. Harry grabs Yusif's hair and pounds his face repeatedly against the rim of a urinal. In case you haven't noticed, this is a messy, nasty fight. Survival is like that.

Yusif sags into submission. Harry pulls a nylon zip-strip out of his pocket and uses it like hand-cuffs, securing Yusif's wrists.

83 EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Gib is running full out, drawing his gun. He has one finger jammed in his ear. His gut is doing the rumba as he runs.

GIB
Harry? Harry, you copy?! <u>Shit</u>!

84 INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Harry is pulling Yusif to his feet when the door bangs open behind him. He turns, thinking it is Gib. It's not. Malik raises a FULL-AUTO BERETTA 92-F and opens fire. Harry spins Yusif between him and the machine pistol. Yusif's beer-keg body stops the spray of 9mm slugs from hitting Harry long enough for him to dive into a stall.

Malik hoses the room with the Beretta. The metal stalls are riddled with hits.

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HARRY is in the stall with the old guy, who's just sitting there. The walls of the stall are pimpling with the hits on the far side. Harry reaches under the stall, retrieving his Glock.

MALIK goes empty. Harry hears that and pops out, cranking off rounds--

Malik is a blur going out the door, as Harry's shots shatter tiles on the doorframe. Then silence.

HARRY
(to the old guy)
Sorry.

85 EXT. MALL - NIGHT

MOVING WITH MALIK, who backs rapidly away from the restroom, reloading.

GIB (OFF)
FREEZE!!!

Malik spins to see Gib nearby, going into a firing stance behind a light-standard. The terrorist doesn't hesitate. His Beretta ROARS at 900 rounds per minute.

Gib tries to hide behind the light-standard, which is about half as wide as he is. Shots hit all around him, shattering window glass behind him. His stomach sticks out from behind the pole. He sucks it in. Now his butt is sticking out on the other side. Shots clang into the steel column, and riddle everything behind him.

GIB
WRONG! THIS IS NOT GOOD!

Just when it looks like Gib is going to get a 9mm tummy tuck, Malik turns and sprints away, through shocked pedestrians. Harry runs out of the restroom, trying for a shot, but there are too many people in the line of fire and Malik knows it.

HARRY
Get back to the car!

Gib nods and heads the other way as Harry takes off after Malik. Malik is fast and vicious. He hurls people out of the way, sending shoppers sprawling. Harry is ruthless in his pursuit. They pound through the mall and out onto the street--

86 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Malik sprints straight into traffic. A car screeches, not stopping in time... Malik goes right over the hood. Harry leaps over the hoods of cars after him. Malik sees Harry coming after him like a juggernaut.

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He turns and sees a MOTORCYCLIST coming down the street, accelerating from a right-turn. Malik runs at him, clothes-lining him right off the bike. The terrorist picks up the nimble little Kawasaki 250, which is still running, and leaps on. He pops the clutch and takes off. Harry pounds after him like a locomotive. He sees Malik turn, taking the bike path into a large PARK. Harry cuts into the park on a diagonal.

87 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

ON HARRY, running. Ahead is a MOUNTED COP. Harry doesn't break stride, heading right for the cop on the horse. The cop turns, surprised, a split second before-- Harry pulls him off the horse and slams him to the ground (he's wearing a helmet).

HARRY
Federal Officer in pursuit of suspect! Sorry.

Harry is in the saddle and galloping after Malik before the cop can get his gun out of the holster to stop him.

MALIK roars through the park on the Kawasaki. He looks back, amazed to see Harry charging after him on a horse. They scatter joggers and bicyclists, people walking their dogs.

TRACKING WITH THEM as they rocket through the park. Malik leaves the winding path and goes straight through the trees. Harry charges through some rollerbladers who go sprawling. Malik fires his Beretta straight back at Harry, emptying it. He drops the pistol and crouches over the bike, twisting the last bit of throttle out of it. They are going flat out, through the trees, in a kinetic blur.

88 EXT. STREET - NEAR MALL - NIGHT

Gib, panting and heaving, pulls his car into traffic. The Unit Seven car pulls out as well, up the block.

GIB
Harry, what's your twenty?

89 EXT. PARK/ STREETS - NIGHT

Harry is legging the police horse hard. He has his reigns in one hand, his Glock in the other. It's the wild west.

HARRY
Westbound in the park... suspect is on a motorcycle... he's going to come out on Franklin. Hang on--

Harry leaps a park bench like he's in a steeple chase.

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HARRY (CONT'D)
I want you on 14th in case he turns south. And I need Seven on the north side to box him in.

90 INT. /EXT. GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib is weaving furiously through traffic. He slides into a turn.

GIB
Copy that.

HARRY
And make it fast. My horse is getting tired.

ON GIB, mouthing "Your horse?"

91 EXT. STREET - NEXT TO PARK - NIGHT

Malik explodes through the bushes and out onto the street. Cars skid around him, out of control. He turns south. Weaving through traffic. Harry leaps the hedgerow behind Malik and gallops among the spun-out cars. He goes right over the hood of one which is blocking his path. The driver ducks as the horse's hoof cracks the windshield.

92 EXT. STREET/ HYATT REGENCY HOTEL - NIGHT

Up ahead traffic is stopped, jammed tight at a light. Malik goes into the oncoming traffic lanes, which are empty. Gib's car slides around the corner in a blare of horns and comes barrelling down the street toward him. Gib cranks the wheel and slides the car broadside, blocking both lanes. Malik locks up the brakes and the bike slides to a stop. Then the terrorist pops the clutch and wheels the bike around-- Jumping the curb and going straight at the entrance of THE HYATT REGENCY HOTEL.

Bellmen and guests scatter as the bike roars right at them. The sliding doors are opening for a bellman coming out with bags and Malik blasts past him into the lobby.

HARRY ducks, galloping through the doors after him.

93 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Acres of marble and red carpet. Liveried porters. Guests dressed for evening, the men in suits, diamonds on the women. And sudden pandemonium as Malik roars through the lobby, with Harry charging along behind him. Malik guns it across the lounge, knocking over tables. He gets air at the top of the steps going up to the RESTAURANT.

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Harry swerves to avoid a panicking guest and finds himself careening toward the JAZZ QUARTET at a full gallop. He gathers the animal and LEAPS (in glorious SLOW MOTION) over the bassist, who is diving for the carpet. Harry and horse land deftly and then he urges his mount right up the steps after Malik.

94 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Malik roars between the tables, looking around wildly for a way out. Harry charges in, ducking to avoid the chandelier. Waiters, trays, dinners, tables... everything seems to be flying at once as people dive out of the way.

95 INT. HOTEL - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

MALIK skids out into the main hall by another door, and sees--the ELEVATORS. The door is just closing on one of them. He guns it and slides through the doors.

HARRY RIDES out of the restaurant in time to catch a glimpse of Malik as the doors close.

96 INT. SCENIC ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Harry canters the horse into the next elevator, which has just been boarded by an older couple. He has to practically lie down on the horse to fit through the door. The animal barely fits, nose to tail, in what turns out to be--

A GLASS ELEVATOR with a view of the whole atrium of the hotel as it rises, right to the top of the building. Harry looks through the glass at the elevator car next to him, fifteen feet away. Malik is inside, punching a button. He glances up and sees Harry. There eyes meet for a moment, just before Malik's car ascends rapidly. Malik's malevolent glare is etched on Harry's retinas.

The older couple is jammed against the side-wall by Harry's panting, snorting horse. It clomps around the tight elevator. The woman is trying to crawl between her husband and the wall.

HARRY
Can you just press the top floor, please.

The man nods mutely and complies. Their elevator takes off, rising after Malik's.

97 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Gib runs in with Faisil and Keough. They follow the path of destruction, growing more and more amazed. Gib yells to one of the porters.

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GIB
The guy on the horse?!

The porter points at the elevators.

98 INT. / EXT. SCENIC ELEVATORS - NIGHT

Harry has slid off the horse to get next to the control panel. He can look up at an angle and see Malik in the car above him. His thumb hovers over the emergency stop button. If Malik gets out at any floor, Harry will have a moment to react and stop. Malik can look down and see this. He knows Harry's got him. He just keeps going, floor after floor, using the time to think.

The older woman is still just staring, trying not to breathe. The horse flicks her in the face with his tail.

99 INT. /EXT. ROOFTOP BAR AND LOUNGE - NIGHT

The rooftop lounge has a spectacular view of the city. Beyond its glass doors is a large roof garden and sundeck. The patrons turn as one, shocked by the sound of a revving Kawasaki. Malik roars through the bar and out the doors to the roof garden.

TRACKING WITH HIM as he rides to the far edge of the roof and slides to a stop. He looks down twenty stories.

THE SECOND ELEVATOR arrives. The doors part and Harry canters out, scanning with his Glock poised and ready. He sees Malik nearby, revving his bike. Not even blinking, the terrorist brodies the bike into a fast one-eighty and speeds back toward the edge of the roof. Amazingly, he *increases speed,* ROARING RIGHT OFF THE EDGE, ARCING THE BIKE SUICIDALLY OUT INTO SPACE!

Harry rides to the edge in time to see Malik, on his bike, CLEAR A 40 FOOT JUMP and SPLASH INTO THE ROOFTOP POOL of a LOWER BUILDING next to the hotel!

Harry is out of control now, seeing his guy getting away. He wheels his mount and charges across the roof to get some running space. Then he turns again, back toward the edge Malik jumped from. He kicks the horse's flanks and yells HAAHH!! The horse's hoofs thunder on the roof as they go full tilt toward the edge.

But a horse is not a motorcycle. It is slightly smarter. It slams its front hoofs down together, stopping suddenly. Harry goes right over its head. He flies forward, almost going right off the roof. He slams to the edge, with his legs dangling over, holding onto a piece of pipe with one hand. His Glock tumbles down into darkness.

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Harry sees Malik far below, climb out of the pool, running to the roof door of the other building. Getting away. Harry clambers up onto his own roof, breathing hard. He walks over to the horse.

HARRY
What the hell were you thinking? We had the guy and you let him get away.

He looks into the horse's innocent brown eyes. Pats its neck fondly.

HARRY
What kind of cop are you?

100 INT. TASKER HOUSE - LATER

Helen is asleep at the dining room table next to a half-eaten cake and some melted ice cream. His unopened presents are piled at one end of the table. She raises her head as Harry enters sheepishly.

HARRY
Look, I know you're upset. I'm really sorry, honey. I raced home as quick--

HELEN
It's okay, don't bother, Harry.

He goes to her and puts his arms around her. He is tender with her. He wishes he can tell her the truth.

HARRY
I'm sorry. Thank you for the party.

HELEN
Yeah. It was great.

Helen finds a smile for him somewhere. She really does love him, though more and more often lately she finds her heart in pain.

HELEN
Let's go to bed, Harry. There's only one present you have to open tonight.

She grins and arches one eyebrow meaningfully.

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101 INT. BEDROOM / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Helen walks Harry to the edge of the bed and sits him down. She puts her hand on his chest and pushes, causing him to lie back.

HELEN
Don't move. I'll be right back.

She turns on the stereo. A Kenny G disc she put in there earlier. Soft tenor sax flows around the room. Helen enters the BATHROOM and shuts the door partway. She opens a cupboard and quickly pulls out some things she hid there earlier. A bottle of champagne on ice. Two glasses. Some trashy lingerie.

HARRY
Come on to bed, you don't have to brush your teeth.

HELEN
I'll just be a second. So what happened tonight at the office?

HARRY
I couldn't believe it. I go back to get this report I need, right, and the phone is ringing, so like a bonehead I answer it--

Helen is hurrying to put on the unfamiliar lingerie. G-string panties and low-cut bra. She holds up the garter belt, turning it backward and forward, trying to figure out which way it goes.

ON HARRY, yawning. Lying with the ease of years of practice.

HARRY
It's this big client in Japan, and it's the middle of the morning there and their whole system is crashed... this guy's having a meltdown--

HELEN
(keeping him talking)
What'd you do, honey?

HARRY
Well I pull out the manual on their setup, which is the new 680 server...

Helen is pulling up the black stockings. She fastens the garters to the tops. Her features are a scowl of concentration. She is very earnest in her preparations.

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HARRY (CONT'D)
...and I'm troubleshooting it with them over the phone... talking to a translator, right, who's getting half of it wrong... it was unbelievable... really wild.

HELEN
(putting on black pumps)
It sounds wild. So now you're a big hero, right? For fixing their system.

HARRY
(faintly)
Uh huh.

HELEN
My husband the hero.

Red lipstick. Then she puts a little perfume on her wrists.

HELEN
I'll be right there, honey. Just a minute.

Harry doesn't answer. Helen puts a little perfume down the front of her panties.

HELEN
Just a second.

Helen quickly pours two glasses of champagne. Then she slinks around the doorframe, making her entrance. She looks like a living 900 number. Helen stands before the bed, looking down, holding the champagne glasses.

ON HARRY: sprawled on the bed, fully clothed, snoring softly. A little bit of drool is coming out the side of his mouth.

HOLD ON HELEN, all dressed up with no place to go. She gazes down at him, her shoulders slumping.

HELEN
Happy Birthday, Harry.

She sighs deeply and downs her champagne in one long gulp.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. STREET/ NEAR HIGH-SCHOOL - DAY

It is the following morning. Harry and Gib are staked out watching the front of Dana's school. Actually, Harry is staked out, scanning the crowds of kids with binoculars.

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Gib just keeps looking at his watch. He picks up a cellular phone and pretends to call the office.

GIB
Hey, did that guy Harry chased last night call in to give himself up yet? Cause apparently that's the only way we're going to catch the son of a bitch --

HARRY
(not listening)
Okay. Here she comes.

103 EXT. STREET - DAY

HARRY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - We see Dana come out to the curb and meet Trent, who pulls up on his bike. She gets on behind him, adjusts her walkman headphones over her ears and he launches out into traffic.

104 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

Harry, who is behind the wheel, pulls out after her. Trent weaves radically through the light traffic, going in between the cars.

HARRY
Look at the way the little punk is driving. He's all over the place. Look-- he hasn't signalled once.

GIB
Goddammit! That's outrageous.

Harry speeds up. Somebody honks as he cuts them off to stay with Trent.

105 EXT. MOTORCYCLE - DAY

ON DANA AND TRENT as she looks back and sees Harry following her. She is mortified that her father is actually tailing her.

DANA
<u>Oh my God! I think that's my dad!</u>

TRENT
<u>Hang on!</u>

Trent downshifts and punches it. The nimble little bike screams as it zips between cars.

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106 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

HARRY
(clenching his jaw)
So, you wanna play huh? You little--

GIB
(rolling his eyes)
That's it. Get 'im Harry.
(he draws his pistol)
We'll teach that little puke not to signal.

107 EXT. MOTORCYCLLE - DAY

BACK ON TRENT, who's actually a really good rider. He zig-zags through the cars, cutting between them at the next light where Gib and Harry get blocked. He cuts a sharp right turn and disappears.

108 INT. HARRY'S CAR - DAY

Harry is stuck in stopped traffic. He pounds the wheel in frustration.

GIB
(exploding with laughter)
Ha! The little prick ditched you! That is so goddamn funny.

HARRY
Son of a bitch!

GIB
Can we go to the office now, Mr. Superspy?

CUT TO:

109 INT. OMEGA SECTOR / I.D. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Harry is sitting at a computer workstation, lit by the monitor screen. Gib and Faisil look on as he clicks through HEADSHOTS of known terrorists. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Harry is very focussed. He stops. He goes back one. Studies the face.

110 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - TIGHT ON THE SCREEN - DAY

A defiant looking Syrian with a full beard.

HARRY holds up his hand, blocking out the beard, concentrating on the eyes.

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HARRY
That's him.

111 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Harry slaps photos down in front of Trilby.

HARRY
Abu Kaleem Malik.

GIB
(reading from a file)
This guy is hardcore. Highly fanatical, ultra-fundamentalist. Responsible for half a dozen car-bombings, that cafe bomb in Rome, and the 727 out of Lisbon last year. Major player. Now he's formed his own splinter faction called CRIMSON JIHAD. Guess he thought the other terrorist groups were too warm and fuzzy for his taste.

FAISIL
Yeah, he's got a pretty bad rep. They call him "The Sand Spider".

TRILBY
Why?

FAISIL
(he shrugs)
Probably because it sounds scary.

Harry sets some grainy telephoto shots on the stack in front of Trilby. They are a little blurry, but it is clearly Malik, wearing a dusty coverall, coming out of a building with other workmen.

HARRY
Yesterday. Coming out of Skinner's building. It's all connecting up.

TRILBY
This is impressive, gentlemen. Of course, it would have been even more impressive if you actually knew where he was.

HARRY
We'll get him.

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TRILBY
Yes. You will.
(meaning-- you damn well better)
If you need to draw additional resources, do so. Harry, I still want you in charge, even though your cover is blown. Just keep a low profile.
(he slaps a newspaper on the table)
I generally prefer it when my covert operations don't make the front page.

The agents look at the headlines: WILD WEST CHASE. Harry and Gib wince.

112 EXT. HELEN'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Harry and Gib pull to the curb in front of the building.

GIB
What's going on?

Harry gets out of the car and turns back, leaning in the door to talk to Gib.

HARRY
Look, uh... I've got to talk to Helen about this thing with Dana. I'm just going to run in and see if she can get away for lunch.

GIB
You want me to just hang-- ?

HARRY
Just hang a minute.

GIB
I'll just hang then, shall I?

113 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Harry enters the offices of Helen's firm. He stops at reception.

RECEPTIONIST
Hello Mr. Tasker. We haven't seen you in a while. Just a second, I'll buzz Helen.

HARRY
No. No, I'd like to surprise her. Thanks, I know where her desk is.

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He smiles and breezes past her before she has a chance to object.

114 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

TRACKING WITH HARRY as he moves through the offices. He passes through a library-like maze of records stacks. Through them he can see Helen at her desk. But as he approaches, still concealed, ALLISON puts a call on hold and whips around to Helen.

ALLISON
Helen!
(grinning conspiratorially)
It's your mystery man.

HELEN
Simon? Ohmygod.

Helen, normally the image of composure, goes suddenly fluttery and nervous as a high-school girl. She takes the phone, turning away from Allison.

HELEN
Hello, Simon?
(pause)
It's all right. There's no one around.

Helen glimpses Allison with her ears cocked and gives her a scowl and a shooing motion. Allison turns away, grinning.

115 INT. OFFICE - STACKS OF RECORDS - DAY

ON HARRY, behind the stacks, reacting. He silently mouths "SIMON?!"

116 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

HELEN
You mean right now?
(she looks around guiltily)
I guess so. Okay. I'll be right there.
(pause)
Yes. I can't wait. Bye.

She hangs up, a little flushed. Then turns to Allison.

HELEN
Can you cover me for an hour?

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ALLISON
Just an hour? You should tell this stud to take more time.

HELEN
Will you shutup. I should never have told you about him.

Helen grabs her purse and rushes out, going right past the stack where Harry is standing, dumbfounded. He looks like he was slammed in the stomach with a lead pipe. His whole life is unravelling.

117 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Gib sees Harry crossing the street, holding his stomach. He seems dazed. He is not so much walking to the car as wandering in its general direction. He stops, in the street. Gib gets out of the car and rushes to him. He pulls him out of the path of a bus which is HONKING irritably.

GIB
You look like you got gut-kicked. What's the matter? You sick?

Harry leans against the car for support.

HARRY
(barely audible)
He-- Helen. Helen-- it's Helen. It's Helen, Gib.

GIB
Something to do with Helen, is what I'm getting.

HARRY
She's having an affair.

Harry's best friend in the world brightens with the news. He slaps him on the back.

GIB
Congratulations. Welcome to the club.

HARRY
It can't be. Not Helen.

GIB
Nobody believes it can happen to them.

HARRY
It can't be.

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GIB
Same thing happened to me with wife two. I had no idea until I came home and the house was empty. I mean empty. She even took the ice-cube trays from the fridge. What kind of person would think of that?

HARRY
(not listening)
I still don't believe it.

GIB
Relax. Helen still loves you. She just wants this guy to bang her. It's nothing serious. You'll get used to it after a --

Harry wheels around on Gib, grabbing him by the lapels, and slams him against the car.

HARRY
STOP. CHEERING. ME. UP.

We see in Harry's rage, frustration, and hurt confusion a vulnerability we never expected to see.

GIB
What'dya expect Harry? She's a flesh and blood woman. And you're never there. It was only a matter of time.

Harry sags. His friend is right. Gib opens the car door and helps him in like an invalid, talking soothingly the whole time--

GIB
I say we concentrate on work. That's how I always got through it whenever my life turned to dogshit. Let's catch some terrorists and then you can beat the crap out of them. You'll feel better.

Gib gets in and starts the car, full of stoic cheer for Harry.

GIB
Women. Can't live with 'em. Can't kill 'em.

118 INT. OMEGA SECTOR / LISTENING ROOM - DAY

Harry and Gib are in the LISTENING ROOM. Banks of tape-decks recording calls, rows of technicians in cubicles processing and collating transcripts.

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GIB
He's practically giving us a blank check on wiretaps. So I've set 'em up on all of Juno's shipping agents, her known clients, and Faisil made up a list of possible contacts that Crimson Jihad might have in this country. Now all we can do is wait. Something will pop up if we--

He notices Harry is not listening.

GIB
Is this national security stuff boring you?

HARRY
Put a tap on her phone.

GIB
What're you talking about? We have that.

HARRY
Helen's phone. Her office line and the line at my house.

Gib gives Harry a stricken look, and glances around nervously. He pulls him into an empty office.

GIB
(a whispered hiss)
I can't do that. What're you-- nuts?

HARRY
Do it today.

GIB
I have two words to describe that idea. In. Sane. Unauthorized wiretap is a felony, pard.

Harry grabs him and rams him up against the wall, his teeth clenched.

HARRY
Yeah, and we do it twenty times a day. Don't give me that crap. Just put in the taps. Now.

GIB
Sure, Harry. I'm on it.

Harry releases him and turns away. Gib straightens his jacket, looking at his friend like he's completely losing it.

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119 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

That night Harry is actually there on time for dinner. He glances at Dana, who has been eyeing him warily. She looks at her peas.

HARRY
How was school today?

DANA
Fine.

Harry takes a bite of his food, watching her. Silence. Helen glances at him.

HELEN
So. You came by to see me today?

She is a too casual, masking her nervousness.

HARRY
I was in the area, and I thought you might like to have lunch.

HELEN
You must've just missed me.

HARRY
They said you had to run out.

HELEN
Yeah. It was a rush thing. They needed some documents down at the court house. I barely made it.

Harry watches her lying to him with some amazement. You can see the jaw muscles clenching.

HARRY
So, a little excitement in an otherwise dull day. Did it work out okay?

HELEN
Oh, sure. Fine.
(she gets up suddenly)
I'll get some more gravy.

DANA
I'm done.

Dana bolts. She has eaten about four bites. Harry sits at the table, alone. He feels isolated, knowing that everybody is lying to everybody here. He is a man without a center, lost.

CUT TO:

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120 INT. OMEGA SECTOR/ LISTENING ROOM - DAY

TRACKING ALONG THE BANK OF RECORDERS. Harry comes to a particular set of machines. He reaches past the technician and picks up the hard-copy of the transcripts.

ON HARRY walking and leafing through the phone transcripts. Gib watches him through a glass partition, shaking his head slowly. Harry freezes, staring at the page and WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE CONVERSATION OVERLAID:

HELEN
Hello?

SIMON
Helen? It's Simon. Is it safe to talk?

HELEN
Yes. Go ahead.

121 INT. CAR - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - DAY

A man in his mid-thirties, sitting in a car SOMEPLACE (DAY), speaks into a cellular phone. This is SIMON. He is dark haired, and fairly good-looking in an off-beat way. He is unshaven and his clothes look slept in. He glances around in a furtive manner.

SIMON
I can't talk long. Can you meet me for lunch tomorrow? I must see you.

122 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

NOW WE SEE HELEN, at her office.

HELEN
Yes. I suppose so. Where?

SIMON
The same place. One o'clock. I have to go now. See you tomorrow. Remember, I need you.

123 INT. LISTENING ROOM - DAY

The last line is played ON HARRY, reading. Now he is seeing the proof in black and white. He slowly crumples the paper in one hand, his expression dark.

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124 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Helen is reading in bed. She glances up as Harry comes into the room. Gives him a quick smile. Too quick.

HARRY
I thought we might have lunch tomorrow.

HELEN
I can't, honey. I promised Allison I'd go shopping with her. Sorry.

Harry watches her smoothly lying to him. It's surreal to him.

HARRY
No problem.

He surreptitiously picks up Helen's purse from a dresser and goes into the bathroom. He opens the bathroom window and chucks the purse outside.

125 EXT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

The purse lands in some bushes next to the house. Gib is waiting there in the dark. He picks it up. Above, in the window, Harry signals "Meet me out front".

126 EXT. SIDEWALK, NEAR TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

A MINUTE LATER, THE FRONT DOOR OPENS and Harry comes out, walking Clyde on a leash. Harry walks briskly along the sidewalk, jerking the poor dog along without noticing that he is trying to stop and sniff things.

127 EXT. SIDEWALK, BY GIB'S CAR - NIGHT

He reaches Gib's car, half a block up, and Gib is waiting next to it, holding the purse. Gib eyes the dog warily. He growls at it. Clyde hides behind Harry's legs.

GIB
Look, Harry. I know this is rough. I felt the same way the first time it happened to--

Harry holds up one finger. His eyes and expression are so intense, Gib just sort of trails off.

GIB
Right.

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128 INT. OMEGA SECTOR/ ELECTRONICS LAB - NIGHT

It's pretty quite around the lab. Gib and an electronic-surveillance technician named NEEVE are huddled under the only light. Helen's purse sits before them on the lab table. A video camera is mounted above it, recording the contents of the purse as Neeve pulls objects out one by one. It is as precise as an autopsy.

NEEVE
Address book, black. Mascara. Diaphragm case. Gum wrapper, foil. Quarter. Fortune from fortune cookie...

129 INT. ELECTRONICS LAB, LATER - NIGHT

CUT TO LATER-- as Neeve, working under a surgical light, meticulously opens the stitching at the bottom of the empty purse. He picks up a SMALL ELECTRONICS PACKAGE to check the fit.

GIB
You have room for the GPS tracker?

NEEVE
(indicating how each fits)
No problem. GPS locator, telemetry burst transmitter, audio transmitter, power supply.

GIB
Okay. Sew it in the bottom, then put all the stuff back in reverse order, checking it against the videotape. It's a classic mistake to underestimate a woman. They know every used kleenex in these things.

130 INT. / EXT. HELEN'S CAR - DAY

TIGHT ON THE PURSE, sitting on the seat next to her as Helen drives through the city.

131 INT. / EXT. N.D. SEDAN - DAY

Harry drives while Gib watches--

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132 INT. SEDAN, CLOSE UP ON MAP - DAY

A COMPUTERIZED MAP below the dash. Helen's purse appears as a moving blip on a street-map of the city.

133 INT. / EXT. SEDAN - DAY

GIB
Okay, she's turning on Seventeenth. Make a left, you should see her.

Harry makes the turn.

HARRY
There she is.

134 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Up ahead they see Helen's RED ACCORD pulling into a parking lot next to a CAFE. Harry parks the car a block away and gets out his binoculars.

135 EXT. HELEN'S CAR THROUGH BINOCULARS - DAY

HARRY'S POV through the scope. Helen gets out of her car and looks around as she walks to the cafe. It is not a nervous look, but it is clear she is making sure she is not followed. She goes inside.

136 INT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY
Give me audio.

Gib hits a switch and they hear the clamor of the cafe at lunch rush come over a speaker.

137 INT. CAFE - DAY

The restaurant is nothing fancy. A little dark. Helen makes her way to a booth in the back. Sitting in the shadows, facing the door, is SIMON. She sits down opposite him. He doesn't smile or kiss her in greeting, but glances around the room like he expects a threat to leap out at any moment.

SIMON
Are you sure you weren't followed?

HELEN
I kept looking back, like you taught me. I didn't see anyone.

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SIMON
Okay. It's just, things are a bit hot for me right now. If I get a signal...
(holds up a cigarette lighter meaningfully)
I may have to leave suddenly.

HELEN
I understand.

SIMON
It's my job to risk my life, but not yours. I feel bad about bringing you into this, but you're the only one I can trust.

Simon creates an atmosphere of danger. His haggardness gives him an air of mystery and desperation.

HELEN
Where did you disappear to? Were you on a... uh, mission, or whatever you call it?

SIMON
We say Op. Covert operation. And this one got a little rough.

HELEN
Worse than Bagdad?

SIMON
Bagdad was a day at the beach next to this.

138 INT. SEDAN - DAY

Harry and Gib turn to each other, shocked with the dawning awareness.

GIB
Guy's a spook!

HARRY
Yeah, but for who? He may not be a freindly.

GIB
He could be working her to get to you.

Harry waves his hand, silencing Gib.

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INTERCUT FROM HERE ON BETWEEN HARRY/GIB AND HELEN/SIMON.

139 INT. CAFE - DAY

SIMON puts a newspaper on the table, sliding it over to Helen.

SIMON
Did you read the papers yesterday?

HELEN
Yes.

SIMON
Sometimes a story is a mask for a covert operation. See-- two men killed in a restroom, and two unidentified men in a running shootout, ending at the Hyatt...

140 INT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY AND GIB react, realizing that it is the story of their operation gone awry.

141 INT. CAFE - DAY

HELEN
That was you?!

SIMON
You recognized my style. See, you're very good. You're a natural at this.

142 INT. SEDAN - DAY

Harry starts to get it. Then it dawns on Gib.

GIB
The guy's a fake! He's taking credit for our moves.

143 INT. CAFE - DAY

HELEN LEANS CLOSE TO SIMON. She clearly is hanging on his every word.

HELEN
Tell me what happened?

SIMON
I'm sorry, I can't.

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HELEN
You can trust me completely.

SIMON
I know. But it would compromise your safety too much to know certain things.

HELEN
Right, of course. I was worried when I didn't hear from you that night.

SIMON
It's strange. I knew I was in a woman's thoughts when I was shooting it out with those assasins.

144 INT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY REACTS to the outrageous fabrication.

GIB
Unbelievable.

145 INT. CAFE - DAY

BUT HELEN is eating it up.

HELEN
They were trying to kill you?

SIMON
Four of them. Hardly worth talking about. Two of them won't bother me again.

HELEN
And you chased one?

SIMON
Something came over me, I just had nail him, no matter what the risk. It was pretty hairy. Pursuing an armed, highly-trained terrorist like that. I thought he had me, a couple of times.

146 INT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY AND GIB guffaw. This is too much.

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147 INT. CAFE - DAY

BACK TO HELEN AND SIMON as she leans even closer.

HELEN
What is it you need me to do?

SIMON
Not here. I'll call you and we'll rendezvous again.
(he looks around)
We have to leave separately, so we aren't seen together. For your safety.

HELEN
You'll call me then?

SIMON
Yes. Now go.

148 EXT. CAFE / STREET - DAY

Helen emerges from the restaurant, looking both ways. She starts to walk.

SUDDENLY, from behind her, TWO TOUGH TEENAGERS slam into her at a run. One of them grabs her purse. Helen SCREAMS. They vanish around the corner in a blur of Nikes.

149 EXT. FARTHER UP THE STREET - DAY

Harry reacts instantly, leaping out of the car to follow the two young hoods. Gib takes off in a squeal of tires, heading around the block the other way.

150 INT. SEDAN - COMPUTERIZED MAP - DAY

TRACKING WITH THE PUNKS as they run, down a long alley, then a short connecting alley, and into a parking structure.

151 EXT. ALLEY / PARKING LOT - DAY

ON HARRY, running in juggernaut mode. He cuts through a parking lot to the parking structure--

152 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

The punks run around a corner and huddle against a concrete wall. They open the purse quickly and are pulling money out of Helen's wallet when...

Harry leaps from the top of the wall and lands behind them.

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HARRY
Excuse me. I know that's not your purse. It doesn't go with your outfit.

They look at him stupidly for a moment, then one of the punks whips out a switch blade... Harry effortlessly twists it out of his hand and slams him back against the wall, whipping out his Glock and sticking it in their faces. The young hoods stare bug-eyed down the muzzle.

PUNK ONE
(pointing at the other one)
He made me do it!

Harry kneels, keeping the gun on them, and carefully puts Helen's things back in her purse.

HARRY
(to Punk One)
Give me your driver's license.

The kid does, with a shaking hand. Harry hands him Helen's purse.

HARRY
Take this back to the woman. Now! And don't screw up. I'll know.

The kid hesitates, glancing at his friend. Who is pissing himself staring at the gun.

PUNK TWO
Do it! Go!

The kid runs off with the purse.

GIB PULLS UP just then, and Harry walks the remaining punk over to the car, holding him easily in an armlock as he listens to the speaker inside.

153 INT. / EXT. CAFE / STREET - DAY

Helen is inside the restaurant, using their phone to call the police. The kid with the purse runs up, and sees her through the window. But he obviously doesn't have the balls to face her.

He looks around, panting, and sees Simon nearby, getting into a CLASSIC '61 RED AND WHITE CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE. He runs over to Simon and jams the purse in his hands.

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PUNK ONE
(pointing at Helen)
This is hers. It's all there, okay.

154 INT. CAFE - DAY

Helen looks up from her phone call as Simon walks in jauntily with her purse. She hangs up and rushes to him.

HELEN
My purse! How did you do it? You're not even breathing hard.

SIMON
I can't take credit, really. It's the training. Over the years it shapes you into a lethal instrument. You react in a microsecond.

155 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Harry does a slow burn listening to Simon's outrageous scam.

GIB
I'm starting to like this guy.

Harry shoots him a dark look.

GIB
(holding up his hand defensively)
We still have to kill him, that's a given.

HELEN (RADIO)
Simon, thankyou. You're incredible.

SIMON (RADIO)
Go now. If I live, we'll meet soon.

Harry is lost in his misery. He suddenly becomes aware that he is still holding the second punk in an armlock. The kid is just staring at them like: who are you guys? Harry pushes him away, gesturing absently with his gun, not even looking at him. The kid splits in a hurry.

156 EXT. STREET - DAY

Simon is barrelling along in the Corvette with the radio blasting. Thinking he is supercool.

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WHIP PAN - fifty yards back, Harry's SEDAN prowls through traffic, pacing the Corvette.

157 EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Simon pulls into the lot, which is a run-down place. A hodge-podge of makes and models, a few that might aspire to be classics.

Simon backs the Vette into an open space on the front line. He reaches into the back-seat and pulls out a dayglo sign showing the SALE PRICE of the car. He sticks it back on the dash. The car doesn't even belong to him!

158 EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM CAR LOT - DAY

Harry and Gib pull up. They watch as Simon jumps out of the Vette and goes into the sales office.

GIB
(laughing)
He's a goddamn used car salesman. This just gets better.
(catching himself)
Sorry Harry, I know this is painful.

Harry's eyes are slitted down lethally as he stares across the street.

159 INT. / EXT. CAR-LOT SALES OFFICE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

TIGHT ON A TAPE PLAYER, with Simon's hand adjusting the volume. The sound of traffic noise and middle-eastern music blares from the deck.

PULL BACK to see Simon on the phone, talking loud, as if over the din of a real place.

SIMON
It's a great little bar, Amanda, you'd love it. Beirut's a great place if you know the city. I can't say much about what I'm doing here, this isn't a secure line. I'll tell you all about it when I get back tomorrow... if I live.
(pause)
Scared? Never! Except of you--

During this, the owner of the place, DOUG WURTZ, has come out of the back room and looked out at the lot. What Doug sees is--

HARRY, browsing among the cars.

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DOUG turns from the window and bears down on Simon, who sees him coming and speeds up his rap.

SIMON
--I have to go, baby. A guy's coming toward me--

Doug grabs the phone out of his hand and slams it in the cradle.

SIMON
(grinning)
Oh yes! She's ripe. Oowww!

DOUG
Simon, look out there. You see that man? Notice how he's looking at the cars. He's called a customer. I know it's been a while, but do you remember what you're supposed to do when we have a customer?

160 EXT. CAR LOT - DAY

Simon bounces jauntily up to Harry, talking before he's even reached him.

SIMON
It wants you too. Feel it vibrate? How about a little spin?

Simon opens the passenger door and sits Harry inside, then runs around the car. He leaps over the closed door into the driver's seat and starts the car.

SIMON
You gotta jump in. That's rule number one. It takes a little practice, but there's no way around it.

161 EXT. STREET - DAY

Simon swings the car out onto the boulevard, kicking back.

SIMON
See, it's not just the car, it's a total image. An identity you have to go for. This isn't some high-tech sports car... it doesn't even handle that great. But that's not the idea, is it.

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Simon gives Harry a big grin. Harry returns a knowing chuckle. Ha ha.

SIMON
What're we talking about here? Pussy, right?

HARRY
Absolutely.

Simon laughs. Harry laughs. A big lusty, male-bonding kind of laugh.

SIMON
Well then this is a vital piece of equipment. Used properly, it can change your life. See, you cruise. No racing. This ain't a Ferrari. You check out the scenery, let the scenery check you out. You got to take it slow. Old cars are like good women... they heat up fast.

How do you grin warmly while your eyes are so cold? Ask Harry.

HARRY
Keep talking.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. TACO STAND - DAY

Simon is holding court. Over tacos, he waxes eloquent on his greatest area of expertise. We see Harry laughing, going along with the guy. Pretending to bond.

SIMON
Let's face it, Harry, the Vette gets 'em wet. But it's not enough. If you want to really close escrow, you gotta have an angle.

HARRY
And you've got one.

SIMON
It's killer. Look at me-- I'm not that much to look at. No really. I can be honest. But I got 'em lining up, and not just skanks, either. Some are.

HARRY
So what's your angle?

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SIMON
Sorry. Trade secret.

HARRY
(grinning)
Sure. Set me up and then don't tell me.

Simon leans forward, conspiratorially.

SIMON
Okay, just ask yourself. What do women really want? You take these bored housewives, married to the same guy for years. Stuck in a rut. They need some release. The promise of adventure. A hint of danger. I create that for them.

HARRY
So you're basically lying your ass off the whole time? I couldn't do it.

SIMON
Well, think of it as playing a role. It's fantasy. You have to work on their dreams. Get them out of their daily suburban grind for a few hours.

HARRY
Isn't that hard to keep up, in the long run?

SIMON
Doesn't matter. I like change. You know, constant turnover. As soon as I close the deal, it's one or two more times, then adios.

HARRY
Use 'em and lose 'em.

SIMON
Exactly. The trick is, you gotta pick your target. They have to be nice little housewife types. School-teachers. But, I'm telling you, you get their pilot lit, these babes, they can suck-start a leaf-blower.

HARRY
What about the husbands?

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SIMON
Dickless. Can't screw their wives right. If they took care of business, I'd be out of business, know what I mean?

HARRY
Those idiots.

163 EXT. STREET/ VETTE - DAY

They are cruising along, with Harry driving this time.

HARRY
You working on someone right now?

SIMON
I always have a couple on the hook. You know. There's one right now, I've got her panting like a dog. It's great.

Unconsciously, Harry's hands clench the wheel tighter.

HARRY
What does she do?

SIMON
Some kinda legal secretary or something. Married to some boring jerk.

Harry takes a corner too fast. The tires squealing.

SIMON
And she could be so hot, if she wanted to be. She's like a dying plant that just needs a little water.

When Simon is looking, Harry is open and encouraging... they laugh together... then when he looks away Harry goes snake-eyed. He could kill Simon with one punch. He's visualizing his wife getting porked by this guy.

HARRY
But with you, she gets to be hot, right?

SIMON
Red hot. Her thighs steam.

They laugh together. Harry's laugh is getting a bit brittle. He speeds up, his knuckles white on the wheel. Now for the big question: *HAVE THEY OR HAVEN'T THEY?*

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HARRY
Sooooo... she's pretty good in bed, then?

SIMON
(yelling suddenly)
Hey, slow down you're gonna miss the turn!

164 EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Harry comes barrelling into the lot at forty. He cranks the wheel and hits the emergency brake, slewing the car into a smoking bootlegger-180. It screeches backward, sliding right into its parking space perfectly.

Simon is bugeyed. But he is non-plussed for only about two seconds. Then he's back to selling. He scrambles out and goes around to Harry, coughing in the cloud of tire smoke.

SIMON
See. You and this car were meant for each other. Why fight it? Sure, I have a couple other buyers lined up, but I like your style. Whattya say? Should we start on the paperwork?

HARRY
Let me think about it. Hold it a day for me?

Simon grins and winks.

SIMON
Because it's you.

165 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Dana is in the living room, watching TV when she sees her mother cross through, dressed to go out.

HELEN
Dinner's in the warmer. Tell your father I may be late.

DANA
Where are you going?

HELEN
Out.

Dana is momentarily puzzled by the reversal of roles.

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166 INT. ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

ON HELEN, checking herself in the hall mirror. She looks at her big dowdy purse. Hating it suddenly. She pulls her pocketbook out and rummages on the top shelf of the hall closet for a small handbag, then charges out.

167 INT. CLOSE UP - HALL TABLE - NIGHT

HOLD ON THE PURSE, sitting on the hall table.

168 INT./ EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Harry is driving. GIB pulls a sheaf of pages out of his briefcase and hands them to him.

GIB
Here's todays transcripts.
There's nothing interesting.

HARRY
Nothing from Simon?

Keeping one eye on the road, Harry riffles through the sheets. He glances at the top of the last couple of sheets. He scowls. Then SUDDENLY SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. The car dives to the curb, bumping one wheel. Harry gets out and charges around to Gib's side. Gib gets out, his expression blank.

HARRY
Give me the page.

GIB
What are you talking about?

HARRY
It skips from page nine to eleven. Where's page ten?

GIB
Aw, it's gotta be a typo--

HARRY
GIVE ME THE GODDAMN PAGE!!

Harry hammers his fist against the car-window right next to Gib. It explodes inward in a shower of glass.

GIB
(shrugging)
Okay. Here.

He fishes a crumpled sheet of paper out of his pocket. Harry grabs it from him, straightening it.

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GIB
Jeez, Harry. Seek help.

As Harry begins to read, we go into FLASHBACK:

169 INT. USED CAR LOT OFFICE - DAY/FLASHBACK

ON SIMON - He is talking into the phone in hushed, urgent tones.

SIMON
Helen. I need your help. Can you meet me tonight?

INTERCUT WITH HELEN at her office.

170 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY/FLASHBACK/INTERCUT

HELEN
What's happened?

SIMON
It's serious. That's all I can say.

HELEN
Yes. Okay. Where?

SIMON
It's too dangerous for us to be seen together. You have to come to my hide-out.

HELEN
Give me directions.

SIMON
No. This isn't a secure line. Just meet me under the bridge on Bladensburg Road. At eight sharp. If it's safe, I'll pick you up.

171 INT. / EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

BACK TO THE PRESENT. Harry checks his watch. 7:52.

HARRY
Shit!

He jumps back in the car and activates the GPS locator. Helen's purse-blip flashes on the grid map.

HARRY
It's still at my house.

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GIB
She didn't take the purse.

172 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Harry growls and slams the car into gear, roaring out into traffic. Horns honk as he cuts people off. He is oblivious. He grabs his rover.

HARRY
Unit Two? Unit Seven?

FAISIL
Seven here.

UNIT TWO
This is Two.

HARRY
Immediate roll. Acquire subject at Bladenburg Road bridge. Vehicle is red-and-white Corvette convertible. You have six minutes.

FAISIL
Roger, One. Rolling.

UNIT TWO
Copy that.

GIB
Wait a minute! Are you out of your mind? You can't pull agents off a priority surveillance to follow your *wife*. It's gross misappropriation of Sector's resources, it's... it's a breach of national security.

Harry drives on, ignoring him. Gib grabs his shoulder, shaking him.

GIB
You copy, Harry? This is too far. You're losing it big-time. I have to stop you.

HARRY
Whatya going to do? *Tell?*

GIB
Goddamnit, Harry. This is our butts. So your life is in the toilet. So your wife is banging a used car salesman. Sure it's humiliating. But be a man here--

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HARRY
You tell on me, I tell on you.

GIB
Whatya talking? I'm clean as a preacher's sheets, babe. Clean as a --

HARRY
What about that time you trashed a six-week operation because you were busy getting a blow-job?

GIB
(instantly contrite)
You know about that?

Harry turns to him. His glare could melt metal. Gib gives a fatalistic shrug.

GIB
Take Franklin, it's quicker.

Harry makes the turn, squealing tires.

GIB
You don't have any pictures though, right?

173 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

HELEN pulls her car under the bridge. She checks her watch. Helen notices that her hand is shaking. She looks around and the place seems deserted. She is about to leave when she sees headlights flash briefly in the shadows.

A red-and-white Vette emerges from the darkness and pulls up next to her. Simon motions for her to get in quickly.

174 EXT. PARKING LOT - THROUGH BINOCULARS - NIGHT

LONGSHOT on Simon and Helen in the Vette, coming out of the parking lot under the bridge. We are watching them through a sophisticated telephoto night-vision device.

175 INT. UNIT TWO SEDAN - NIGHT

An agent named MORTON lowers the SCOPE and picks up his rover. He puts the car in gear to follow.

MORTON
Two here. Subject is southbound on Walker. A man and a woman in the vehicle.

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176 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gib is peering at a city map with a tiny mag-lite. Harry is driving so violently he keeps losing his place. But it doesn't matter because Harry has the whole city in his head.

HARRY
Roger, two. Unit seven, cut across on Wison and intercept at Walker.

FAISIL (RADIO)
Roger that.

177 INT. / EXT. VETTE - NIGHT

Simon makes a show of checking the mirrors.

SIMON
Now don't be alarmed. We have a tail.
(she starts to look)
No, no! Don't turn.

She looks in the side mirror. The street is empty behind them.

HELEN
I don't see anything.

SIMON
They're very good. You have to know what to look for.

HELEN
What do we do?

SIMON
Let's see how good they really are. Hang on!

He cranks the wheel and cuts a sudden turn down a sidestreet, fish-tailing as he recovers control and accelerates.

178 INT. UNIT SEVEN VAN - NIGHT

Faisil, driving a surveillance van, sees the Vette charging past them, going the opposite way. Simon of course is oblivious to the REAL agents. Doesn't even look at them.

FAISIL
Seven here. Subject is eastbound on Wilson. I think they're getting hinky.

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HARRY (RADIO)
Okay, seven. Hand it off. We'll pick them up when they reach Grand.

179 INT. HARRY'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Through the windshield we see the Vette charge through an intersection up ahead.

GIB
There they go!
(into his rover)
This is One. Subject is still eastbound. We have the ball.

Harry makes the turn, getting behind the Vette.

180 INT. / EXT. VETTE - NIGHT

Simon is having fun, spinning his web. He has no idea about the real surveillance.

SIMON
(talking to imaginary tail)
Oh, you're sly. You're so sly.
(to Helen)
You better keep your head down, in case they open fire.

He forces her head down. It rests on his right thigh. He cuts the wheel suddenly--

The Vette screeches into an alley. It barrels between the buildings.

181 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

HARRY
Shit!

GIB
Go around! Take the next right!

182 INT. / EXT. VETTE - NIGHT

Simon cuts another move, doubling back. He emerges onto another street and accelerates. He looks in the mirrors. Nothing back there. But then, he would have been very surprised if there was.

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SIMON
Ha! So predictable. I'm almost disappointed.

Helen looks up at him, from his lap. Scared but thrilled. He strokes her hair.

SIMON
Don't worry. They're clumsy tonight.

183 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Harry turns onto the street where he expected Simon to come out. Nothing.

HARRY
Two, you have eyeball?

MORTON
Negative. No visual.

FAISIL
Seven here. We don't have him.

Harry grits his teeth.

HARRY
One to Condor. You on station yet, over?

184 EXT. HIGHWAY LEAVING CITY - NIGHT

It is a highway heading away from the city. IN A LONG LENS SHOT, the Vette appears over the brow of a hill. A moment later A HELICOPTER rises up behind them, A DRAMATIC REVEAL. It follows the Vette.

CONDOR (VOICE OVER/RADIO)
This is Condor. We have the ball, repeat... we have them. Southbound on highway six.

185 INT. / EXT. VETTE - NIGHT

Simon can't hear the helicopter shadowing them above the wind in the convertible. We can see it following, behind and above him, but of course he doesn't really look when he looks back. He grins down at Helen.

SIMON
They have no idea where we are.

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186 EXT. HELICOPTER - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

Down past the helicopter, to the Vette on the highway below as they head out into the country.

187 INT. HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

The crackling radio communications of the agents in the surveillance net continues as Harry drives.

GIB
Maybe this guy really is a spook. Pretending to be a used car salesman pretending to be a spook.

HARRY
He's just a bottomfeeder with liar's luck. Which is about to run out.

188 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

The headlights of the Vette light up a ratty single-wide mobile home, on the outskirts of a TRAILER PARK off the highway. Simon and Helen get out of the car.

SIMON
My house in the city is too hot right now. So is the penthouse in New York. But this place is secure.

He takes her inside.

189 EXT. BILLBOARD - NIGHT

The agents are rendezvousing behind a billboard, just off the highway and about 50 yards from Simon's trailer. Harry is already out of the car, with Gib, getting equipment out of the trunk. Faisil and Keough pull in next to them in the van, followed by Morton in a third car.

190 INT. SIMON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Helen feels awkward in the small, junky space. A tape deck is playing cool jazz. Simon hands her a glass of cheap wine. He clinks her glass with his.

SIMON
To our assignment.

HELEN
What is it you need me to do?

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SIMON
Helen, I want you to be my wife.

HELEN
I'm married!

SIMON
(quickly)
Just for the operation in Paris. I need to be married. They'll be looking for a man travelling alone.

HELEN
We're going to Paris?

SIMON
Helen, there's a double agent in my outfit... I don't know who. There's no one I can trust. Except you. Can you get away? Just for two days.

HELEN
I don't know. I have to think...

SIMON
Here. Sit down. Be comfortable.

He clears a place for her on the bed, shoving clothes and magazines out of the way. She sits down and he tops off her glass from the wine bottle.

191 EXT. BILLBOARD AND TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Harry, Gib and the other three agents have donned black jumpsuits. They finish fitting battle-harnesses over the suits. Then they grab black ski-masks. They don them in perfect unison. Commando precision. Harry leads off and they quick-time from behind the billboard, closing in on Simon's trailer.

192 INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Helen looks up at Simon and nods slowly.

HELEN
Okay. I'll do it.

Simon shoots over and sits next to her, taking her hand.

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SIMON
You are incredibly brave. I have to remind myself the fear you must be feeling. I've lived like this for years, so I'm used to it. Every day when I get up, I think it might be my last. But it makes you appreciate life. And the moment. Because that may be all you have.

He moves a little closer. Casting his spell.

SIMON
To pull this cover story off, we have to look exactly like two people who are intimate with each other. The enemy can spot a fake easily.

He puts his hand on her knee. She tenses up instantly.

SIMON
You see what I mean? That reaction would give us away in a second. Try to relax.

HELEN
It's just that... it's been sixteen years since anyone but Harry did that, I--

SIMON
Relax. There, that's better. Let yourself slip into the role.

He puts his other arm around her shoulders and pulls her slowly into a kiss. This doesn't seem real to Helen. She finds herself not pulling away. He lowers her slowly until they are lying together on the bed.

SIMON
There you go. That's right...

He slides his hand up her thigh. The fingers, stroking in little circles, slip under her skirt. And--

She suddenly EXPLODES, pushing on his chest, forcing him up off her.

HELEN
NO! Stop!
(he keeps kissing her)
Get off me RIGHT NOW!

Simon struggles with her. She gets one knee up under him and levers him up. She pushes him to a standing position. She sits up on the bed, straightening her skirt.

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He looks forlorn and pathetic. Now he's going to try pleading...

SIMON
If not for me, do it for democracy.

193 INT. / EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

KABOOM!! The back wall of the trailer is blown outward by tiny shaped-charges. The concussion throws Simon forward on top of her. Five BLACK-SUITED FIGURES swarm in, carrying machine pistols and flashlights.

194 INT. TRAILER - HARRY'S POV - NIGHT

Lit by the beam of the flashlight, he sees Simon on top of Helen, her knees up on either side of his hips. It looks bad. Simon and Helen sit up... stunned. They look like two rabbits in the headlights of a truck. She screams.

195 INT. TRAILER - ON SIMON - NIGHT

Reacting as all his years of bullshit have suddenly materialized as a nightmarish reality. He is stunned. Blinking, mouth hanging open.

196 INT. / EXT. TRAILER - SIMON'S POV - NIGHT

WHAT SIMON SEES -- Five demonic figures, backlit by the XENON LIGHT from a helicopter. Smoke and dust swirling in the rotor-wash. The figures lunge toward them, grabbing them both. Helen struggles fiercely as Gib (disguised) pulls her up. Harry yanks Simon to his feet.

197 EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Gib comes out first with Helen. She struggles like a wildcat, frankly surprising the hell out of Harry. Simon is brought out, dazed and compliant. Helen whips around, KNEEING GIB right in the balls. Gib OOPHS and doubles over, and Helen runs for it.

Harry leaves Simon with the other agents and runs after Helen. She sprints through the trees, Harry pounding after her. He grabs her and gets her in a headlock. She bites the hell out of his arm. Harry yells and lets her go, just as-- Keough runs up and matter-of-factly clips her on the head with his weapon. Standard operating procedure. Which is why he can't understand why Harry punches him, knocking him down.

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TRUE LIES

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Harry supports a sagging Helen, gesturing sharply to the other agents and going RRRRR-RRRR to make his point (since he can't talk without her recognizing his voice). They head for the cars.

CUT TO:

198 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/OBSERVATION CHAMBER - NIGHT

An empty room with a single stool under a light, and a large two-way mirror. The door opens and Helen is escorted in by Keough, still wearing his jumpsuit. Helen has a black hood over her head. Keough undoes a pair of handcuffs, freeing her, then leaves quickly.

Helen whips the hood off and blinks in the light. She wheels at the sound of the door locking and runs to it. Pulls twice on the handle, without effect. She crosses to the mirror and peers at her reflection, trying to see if anyone is there on the other side.

199 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS is a dark chamber. We see Helen perfectly, peering in, though she sees nothing. Harry and Gib, in silhouette, sit at a console. Harry speaks into a microphone.

HARRY
Sit down.

200 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

ON HELEN'S SIDE of the mirror we hear Harry's voice shifted by a DIGITAL PROCESSOR. It is a cold booming mechanical voice. Harsh and inhuman.

VOICE (HARRY)
I said SIT DOWN.
(she does)
Who do you work for?

HELEN
Kettleman, Barnes and McGrath.
I'm a legal secretary.

VOICE (HARRY)
Of course. Mrs. Tasker. And what were you doing with the international terrorist, Carlos the Jackal? Taking dictation?

HELEN
He said he was an American agent.

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201 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

INSIDE THE CONTROL room we can see Harry, Gib and, through the glass, Helen. Their voices sound normal on this side.

HARRY
How long have you been a member of his faction?

HELEN
I don't know anything about a faction. I just met Simon... or whatever his name is... a couple of weeks ago. I barely know him.

GIB
That's not what it looked like when we found you.

Harry scowls at Gib in the dark. Helen flushes, remembering.

HARRY
How did you meet him?

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

202 INT. MALL - DAY/FLASHBACK

We see Helen sitting at table at a mall near where she works, having a cappucino and a croissant.

HELEN (V.O.)
About two weeks ago I was at the mall, having coffee...

Simon appears behind her, sort of stalking up to her. He approaches quickly the last few steps and slips into the seat next to her. His manner is furtive. He keeps looking around, as if for hidden assasins. He hands her a briefcase.

SIMON
(speaking very low)
Keep this for me. I can't afford to be taken with it. National security is at stake. I'll contact you if I can. Okay? Oh--

He seems to suddenly spot something OFF CAMERA and dashes off the other way.

203 EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY/FLASHBACK

Helen walks back to her office building, carrying the briefcase. She keeps looking over her shoulder.

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204 INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY/FLASHBACK

She has the briefcase on her desk while she works. She keeps glancing at it as she types. Finally she hunches over it and starts picking the locks with a paper clip.

TIGHT ON SECOND LOCK, popping open.

ON HELEN as she opens the case. She gasps.

INSIDE THE CASE are the following items: A tiny camera, some loose tapes, some circuit diagrams, some transcripts that look like gibberish which must be ENCRYPTED, some street maps of Beirut, Rome and Berlin, and a Walther P.P.K. PISTOL. Helen, eyes wide, closes the case.

205 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT / PRESENT

Helen shrugs, finishing up her story.

HELEN
I should have gone to the police, I suppose.

GIB
But you didn't. Why not?

HELEN
I don't know. I guess... I wanted to see what would happen.

HARRY
What did happen?

HELEN
Three days later, he called me. He told me to meet him at Overlook Park.

206 EXT. OVERLOOK PARK - SUNSET/FLASHBACK

Through the trees is a sweeping view across the Potomac to Georgetown and Embassy Row. Helen is sitting on a park bench when Simon shows up, sitting beside her. She hands him the breifcase.

SIMON
Thank you. You saved my life. What's your name?

HELEN
Helen.

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SIMON
You can call me Simon.
(he touches her hand)
You're very brave to do this...
(then notices the locks have been opened)
You opened it.

HELEN
I just glanced inside.

207 EXT. OVERLOOK PARK / CLOSE UP ON SIMON

CLOSE ON SIMON, looking right into her eyes.

SIMON
(solemn)
Then you know.

208 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT / PRESENT

Harry shakes his head and rubs his eyes, picturing the whole thing.

HARRY
Why did you continue to see him?

HELEN
He needed my help.

HARRY
Not because you were attracted to him?

HELEN
No.

HARRY
You weren't attracted to him at all?

HELEN
Well, maybe a little.

GIB
Is this a common thing for you? Cheating?

HELEN
No! Never!

GIB
So, it was your first time.

HELEN
I wasn't cheating!

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HARRY
Tell me about your husband, Mrs Tasker.

HELEN
Harry? What can I say about Harry? He's a sales rep for a computer company.

HARRY
(hard question for him)
Would you say he was boring, then?

HELEN
(she sighs, nodding fatalistically)
Yeah. I suppose he is.

GIB
So sex with him isn't exactly making your flag wave anymore.

Harry cuffs him on the shoulder. Signals with a scowl for him to stay out of it. Gib smirks. Harry's put him through enough shit the last couple of days, it's time for a couple digs.

HELEN
That's none of your goddamn business! What kind of questions are these?

HARRY
You're in a lot of trouble, Mrs. Tasker, so I suggest you cooperate. If we want to know the most intimate details of your life, you'd better tell us.

Helen glowers at the mirror. Her hands are shaking and she hates it that they can probably see she is afraid.

HELEN
My husband is a good man.

GIB
But he's not exactly ringing your bell lately, right? I mean--

Harry covers the mike and whips around on Gib.

HARRY
Let me handle this part. Do you mind?
(to Helen)
Why did you go to Carlos' hideout?

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HELEN
He wanted me to go with him on a mission, to pose as his wife.

HARRY
And you agreed?

HELEN
Yes.

HARRY
(amazed)
Why?

Helen searches herself for the explanation.

HELEN
I don't know. I guess I needed something...

HARRY
What did you need?

HELEN
I needed to feel alive. I wanted to do something... *outrageous*. And... I don't know... it felt good to be needed. To be trusted. To be special.

In verbalizing it she just feels smaller, more pathetic than she ever did. She hates the unseen voices for making her try to explain her deepest, unvoiced needs.

HELEN
There's so much I wanted to do in this life, and it's like I haven't done any of it. And the sand's running out of the hourglass. I want to be able to look back and say: *See! I did that. It was wild and it was reckless and outrageous and* <u>I fucking did it!</u>
(She glares at the mirror)
And I frankly don't give a shit if you understand this or not.

Gib looks at Harry, eyebrows raised. Whew! Harry is studying his wife like she's some fantastic new species.

HARRY
This Simon. Did you sleep with him?

HELEN
No.

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GIB
(covering the mike)
She's lying.

HARRY
You didn't have sexual relations with him?

HELEN
(acidly)
Look, if you ask me everything twice, this is going to take a really long time. And I have to get home to my family.

GIB
You're not going anywhere.

Helen loses it. It is fury and fear, tears and rage all at once--

HELEN
Let me out of here! Right now!

HARRY
Answer the question--

She picks up her stool and charges toward the mirror, swinging it with all her might. It bounces off harmlessly.

HELEN
(she swings again, yelling)
I didn't sleep with him!
(and again--WHAM!)
You hear me, you chickenshit bastards--

WHAM! She hits the mirror again.

GIB (INHUMAN VOICE)
Everyone tries. It's unbreakable.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! The mirror suddenly stars from side to side with huge cracks. She's about to beat her way through it.

209 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

INSIDE THE OBSERVATION ROOM Harry and Gib jump back.

GIB
She could be telling the truth.

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HARRY
(to Helen)
Wait! Calm down, Mrs. Tasker.
There is only one more question.

Helen drops the stool. She stands there panting. Her fury spent, she begins to cry.

HELEN
What?

HARRY
Do you still love your husband?

HELEN
(softly)
Yes.

HARRY
Louder please.

HELEN
I love him. I have always loved him and I will always love him.
(she wipes at her eyes)
Can I go home, please?

210 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

INSIDE THE OBSERVATION ROOM Harry stares at her. He smiles.

GIB
Now what?

HARRY
(leaning forward to the mike)
There is only one solution to your problem, Mrs. Tasker. You must work for us.

GIB
(whispering to Harry)
Oh shit, Harry... what're you doing?

HARRY
(like: isn't it obvious?)
I'm giving her an assignment.
(more)

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HARRY (Cont'd)
(to Helen)
I am offerring you a choice. If you work for us we will drop the charges and you can go back to your normal life. If not, you will go to federal prison, and your husband and daughter will be left humiliated and alone. Your life will be destroyed.

HELEN
Oh, gee thanks. Mmmm, let me see--

HARRY
Yes or no.

HELEN
What do you think? Of course yes. What's involved?

HARRY
You will be contacted with the assignment.

HELEN
My husband can't know about this.

HARRY
No one must know! Especially him. You must appear to live your life normally, conveying nothing. The security of this nation depends on it. Can you do that?

HELEN
I think so.

HARRY
Think carefully. You will be lying to the man you love. The person who trusts you the most.

HELEN
(fearless)
I can do it!

HARRY
The code name of your contact will be Boris. Your code name will be--

HELEN
(excited)
Natasha?

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HARRY
No. Doris.

211 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

ON HELEN, not liking her wimpy code-name.

212 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The unit-seven van pulls up in the spooky shadows under the bridge, stopping next to Helen's red Accord. The door slides open and Helen gets out, helped by black-garbed hands. She is wearing her hood, which is whisked off by one of the hands. She whirls in time to see the door slide shut and the van speed off. She watches it drive off into the night.

213 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - NIGHT

The van pulls up near the edge of a large quarry. The door opens and Simon is pushed out, followed by Harry, who is in his black jumpsuit, and wearing a ski-mask. Gib follows as Harry guides Simon to the edge of a sheer drop. Harry whips off the hood and Simon takes in his surroundings.

SIMON
Yeeaoowww!!

HARRY
You son of a bitch. Did you really think you could elude us forever, Carlos?

SIMON
Wait! You got the wrong guy. My name's Simon. Look, just let me go. There's no need to kill me. I haven't seen your--

Harry whips off his ski mask.

SIMON
-- face. Shit! <u>Shit</u>!!

Simon has ducked his head and won't look at Harry. Then it dawns... He looks up, brightening hopefully.

SIMON
It's you! Hey, you still interested in that Vette at all?

GIB
You can drop it now, Carlos. The game is over. Your career as an inter-national terrorist is too well documented.

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SIMON
No... I sell cars. That's all! Not even foreign cars. Nothing international, I swear. I'm no terrorist. Everything I said was a lie... you have to believe me. I'm actually a complete coward. If I ever even saw a gun I'd--

Harry whips his pistol out in one liquid move and snaps the muzzle right in front of Simon's eyes.

SIMON
-- faint. Aahhh! Don't kill me. I'm not a spy. I'm nothing. I'm navel lint. I have to lie to women to get laid. And I don't score much. It's pathetic.
(he looks down)
See, look... would a spy pee himself?

Harry is finally sickened by his grovelling. He pulls Simon away from the edge, then gestures with his gun.

HARRY
Beat it.

SIMON
No. Soon as I turn you'll shoot me.

Harry starts back to the truck. Simon stays right with him, facing him, terrified to turn away. Like a dog following him.

SIMON
Please don't. You can have the car for free--

GIB
Take off, dipshit!

Gib finally shoves Simon back and Harry contemptuously cranks THREE ROUNDS into the ground by his feet, forcing him to dance backward. The two agents get into the van and tear off in a cloud of dust. Leaving Simon alone in the moonlight, miles from nowhere.

CUT TO:

214 INT./ EXT. SEDAN - DAY

TIGHT ON LOCATOR SCREEN as a blip moves across the grid of city streets. Gib drives while Harry watches the screen.

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HARRY
We should pick up visual at the next light.

The scrambler phone in Harry's briefcase rings. He picks it up.

HARRY
Morning, boss.

215 INT. OMEGA SECTOR - DAY

INTERCUT WITH SEDAN. Spencer Trilby stands glowering as he talks to Harry.

TRILBY
Harry, this report on last night's operation is the thinnest piece of crap I've ever seen from you. I'm sure you won't mind giving me a little more detail on why all these assets were deployed.

216 INT./EXT. SEDAN - DAY

HARRY
Absolutely. But can it wait? I'm on a critical surveillance right now.

Harry spots something up ahead. He snaps his fingers and points, then whips a pair of gyro-stabilized binoculars to his eyes.

HARRY'S POV THROUGH SCOPE: Trent, on the Yamaha with Dana on the back, rides through the intersection up ahead. Dana bops to the sound coming over her walkman headphones as Trent zigs between cars. Gib makes the turn, pulling in behind them at a distance.

TRILBY
Harry. Is there anything you want to tell me?

HARRY
(innocently)
No. Not that I can think of.

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ominously on Spencer Trilby.

TRILBY
Harry? *You know we never fire anybody.*

Click. Harry hangs up the phone slowly.

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GIB
We're dead, right? So...
where'd you put the transmitter?

HARRY
In her Walkman. It's the one
thing I knew she'd be taking.

217 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Harry walks toward the closed warehouse doors, past Trent's parked Yamaha. We hear MUSIC from inside.

218 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE, we see what it is that Dana has been doing when she skips school. A garage band of teenagers, mostly older than her, are playing loudly. Dana has the microphone, belting out a punchy cover of the old Cream classic "Sunshine of Your Love". The guitar parts have been industrialized, and it actually sounds pretty hip.

Harry watches from the shadows, standing behind a pillar not far from the stage. Watching his daughter gyrating in the spotlight. His reaction is hard to read.

219 INT. WAREHOUSE - CLOSE UP OF CIRCUIT-BREAKER - DAY

TIGHT ON THE MASTER CIRCUIT-BREAKER as Harry's hand throws the switch.

220 INT. WAREHOUSE - STAGE - DAY

The stage is plunged into darkness and the music stops abruptly. Before the band members can react, they hear the big metal doors rolling and sunlight blazes in. Dana stares into the glare, seeing an ominous silhouette standing there. The shadowy figure walks toward them.

FIGURE
<u>You</u>! Come with me.

The figure comes straight toward Dana. To her horror it turns out to be her dad. Her heart stops.

DANA
Oh my Goooooood.

221 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Harry appears through the doors, marching Dana by the arm. He walks her over to some industrial junk nearby, overgrown with weeds, and sits her down for a talk.

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She is sullen, still mortified from getting dragged out in front of her friends.

HARRY
There are going to be some changes Dana. You're going to start following some rules. And I'm going to be there to see that you do.

DANA
Yeah, right.

HARRY
You're going to stay in school. Do you understand?

DANA
Why? So I can wind up like you? What's the point?!

You think Harry's going to really rain on her parade. But he doesn't. He becomes very tender. He pushes the hair back from her face.

HARRY
Did I tell you about the time we first met?

She looks up at him, puzzled.

HARRY
You were quite young at the time. All wet and still attached to your mom by a cord. You opened your eyes and looked right at me. And I knew then I would always love you with all my heart.

Dana stares at her father with a dawning awareness. This is not just some chump that she has to put up with. This is her father. He is a part of her. No matter what happens they are in this thing together. Tears start to run down her cheeks.

HARRY
Somewhere along the way I got lost, honey. I forgot about what was really important. I'm sorry pump-- I mean --

She grabs him in a fierce hug. Harry closes his eyes, letting the moment purify him.

HARRY
Dana, regarding this singing--

She pulls back, suddenly wary. Oh shit.

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HARRY
(grinning)
You were pretty good.

222 INT. / EXT. SEDAN - DAY

Dana sits wedged into the front seat between Gib and Harry. Father and daughter are singing raucously loud, with the windows down.

HARRY/ DANA
I've been waiting so long To be
where I'm going In the sunshine
of your loooooove

They crack up after the long sustain. They are both suffused with a glow of rediscovery. Harry pulls the car to the curb in front of Dana's school.

DANA
Dad, how come you know the words?

HARRY
Honey that song came out in 1968,
when I was exactly your age.

DANA
Unbelievable! Trent told me he
wrote it. He's history.

223 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

The image of a family dinner. Helen is avoiding Harry's eyes. Harry looks over at Dana and she gives him a tiny smile. Then she rises from her half-finished dinner and heads out of the kitchen.

DANA
I'm done.

HELEN
Where are you off to young lady?

DANA
(pointing toward her
room)
I have a book report.

Helen watches her go. That's strange.

HARRY
So last night was pretty
exciting, huh?

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HELEN
(alarmed)
What?
(then smoothly--)
Oh, the flat tire? Yeah, I thought the damn towtruck was never going to get there.

Harry smiles, reaching for more chicken. The phone RINGS. Helen controls her urge to run to it.

HELEN
Hello?

METALLIC VOICE
Doris?

HELEN
Oh. Yes?

224 INT. OMEGA SECTOR - NIGHT

GIB, AT OMEGA SECTOR, uses the SPEECH SYNTHESIZER to disquise his voice.

GIB
Listen carefully. Go to the Hotel Marquis in one hour. Pick up an envelope marked Doris at the front desk. And dress sexy.

225 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

BACK ON HELEN as she reacts to that.

HELEN
What?

VOICE
Get going!
(CLICK)

HELEN
(thinking for a second, then--)
Uh... well, okay then. You sound terrible. I'll run out right now. Just call the prescription in to the pharmacy. Sure, no problem. Bye.

Harry smirks, listening to her lying. She's good. The smirk drops as she turns.

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HELEN
Allison is sick in bed. I have to go over there, honey.

HARRY
Sure, hon.

She walks unhurriedly out of the room. Behind her back, Harry is grinning. The second Helen is out of his sightline, she runs up the stairs. Harry waits a moment then picks up the phone.

226 INT. OMEGA SECTOR/ ELECTRONICS LAB -- NIGHT

Gib is in a corner of the electronics lab, in an area dedicated to DIGITAL AUDIO PROCESSING. The phone in his briefcase rings. Gib answers.

GIB
You've reached a new low with this one. I can't believe you're crazy enough to use the room at the Marquis.

HARRY
Why not? You think I can afford a suite like that on my salary? Is LaCrois done yet?

Gib looks over at a SOUND RECORDING BOOTH nearby. In it a FAT FRENCH AGENT, LACROIS is doing voice recording from a hand-written page.

GIB
Not quite.

227 INT. OMEGA SECTOR - INSIDE THE BOOTH - NIGHT

We hear LaCrois record a line on a tiny DAT tape recorder. LaCrois speaks with a cosmopolitan French accent. Close your eyes and he's Charles Boyer.

LACROIS
No no. Do it slowly. Very slowly.

228 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Helen is upstairs going through her closet. Trying to find something sexy to wear. Does she even have anything sexy? She grabs a dress that she isn't sure still fits and some shoes and cosmetics, stuffs it all into her big canvas handbag, and leaves.

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229 INT. HOTEL MARQUIS - NIGHT

A big luxury hotel downtown, with an opulent lobby. Helen enters, looking different than we have ever seen her. She has been commanded to be sexy, and she is. Her black slinky dress is cut at mid-thigh, showing some good legs we haven't been aware of. She's pulled her hair back and added pearls. Now she looks elegant and hot. Playing the role.

230 INT. HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

She goes to the front desk and signals the ASSISTANT MANAGER with her eyes. He comes over to her.

HELEN
Do you have an envelope for Doris?

The man nods. Saying nothing, he reaches under the counter and hands her the envelope. She opens it as she walks across the lobby. It contains a room key, a small bugging device, and a phone number.

231 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A PAY PHONE as Helen finishes dialing the number. She scans the lobby as the phone rings--

METALLIC VOICE
Listen. You are a prostitute named Michelle. Go to the room. A man will be there. He is a suspected arms dealer.

HELEN
Do I have to... you know-- ?

VOICE
No. He has particular tastes. He likes to watch. You will say his regular girl, Carla, is sick. If he likes you, he will tell you what to do. You must plant the bug near the telephone, by the bed, before you leave. If you do not accomplish your mission, the deal is off.

232 INT. HOTEL/ TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Helen exits an elevator and walks down the long hallway toward the suite. She stops by a mirror and checks her look. Decides she is too uptown. She pulls the neckline of the dress down so it shows more shoulder, then hitches up the hem. Ditches the pearls. Puts on some red lipstick.

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Now she doesn't look hot and elegant... just hot. She practices a slinky walk, getting into the role.

Suddenly she remembers her wedding ring. She pulls on it. It probably hasn't been off in years. She licks her finger and twists it off. Yoww! Then, reading the number off the key, she goes to the room and unlocks the door.

233 INT. SUITE - NIGHT

Helen comes in hesitantly. The lights are off. The suite is large and richly furnished, with a breathtaking view of the city. It is the room Harry was using, posing as Renquist. A FRENCH-ACCENTED VOICE comes from the next room.

VOICE
In here.

She goes into the bedroom. There is a dark figure sitting in a chair, just a silhouette.

MAN
Step into the light.

It is a corner room. The drapes on one side are closed, shadowing the man, but open on the other just enough to let in a slash of moonlight. She steps forward into it.

TIGHT CLOSE UP on the figure. We can just make out that it is Harry, though Helen cannot. TILT DOWN to show his hand, out of sight behind the chair-arm, as he manipulates the pause button on the DAT tape deck.

HELEN
I'm Michelle. Carla's sick. She thought you might like me, so --

Harry goes SSSSHHHH. Silencing her gently. He silently clicks off the PAUSE button. The DAT recorder plays. Charles Boyer, deep and hypnotic, speaks from Harry's outline. Harry lipsynchs.

HARRY (TAPE)
Let me do the talking. You are very pretty. You may start by taking off your shoes.

PAUSE button. She takes one off. Harry hits the switch.

HARRY (TAPE)
No no. Do it slowly. Very slowly.

Helen removes the other shoe, slipping it off slowly, as directed.

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HARRY (TAPE)
Now the dress... slowly.

Helen is starting to get into the ritual. She draws the zipper down langorously and lets the dress slip off her shoulders. It slides down her body to the floor. She steps out of it.

HARRY (TAPE)
Now slide the nylons off one by one.

HELEN
(puzzled)
I'm not wearing any.

Harry winces. He starts the next line immediately.

HARRY (TAPE)
That's good. Now the bra and panties.

The ritual continues as she strips slowly (this will be tastefully done). She conceals her bugging device in her hand as she sets her clothes on the bed near the phone. Helen is still concentrating on her mission.

HARRY (TAPE)
Now turn, cheri, in the moonlight. Let your body flow like water.

She turns. Her skin is beautiful in the silvery light.

HARRY (TAPE)
Now dance for me. Go on.

Helen has no idea what to do, but she improvizes quite well. The scrutiny of the shadowed man, who is fully clothed, and her raw vulnerability are a quiveringly powerful erotic combination.

HARRY (TAPE)
Let your hands be a lover's hands on your own skin as you move. Yes, that's it.

TIGHT ON Harry's eyes as he studies her. His game, meant to give her a dangerous fantasy, is actually turning him on mightily. He is amazed to see her playing the role, getting into it. This is not the Helen he thought he knew for sixteen years.

HARRY (TAPE)
Now, lie on the bed and close your eyes.

She does. Harry rises and goes to her, bringing the tape deck.

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HARRY (TAPE)
Keep them closed. Do not open them.

He sits on the bed, next to her, but without touching her. He strokes her hair, lovingly. Then runs his fingertips over her eyes, down her cheeks. To her it feels delicate and delicious. Part of her is enjoying this a lot. But Helen is torn between wanting to flee and knowing that nothing the man has done so far is enough to cause her to abort her mission.

HELEN
I thought you only liked to watch.

Harry goes SSSHHH. It's all he can do. He bends over her and brings his lips slowly down to her. He touches them to hers so slowly that she barely knows he is kissing her. Then he takes her in a passionate kiss.

And she grabs the lamp on the bedside table and SMASHES IT OVER HIS HEAD. Harry flies off onto the floor, groaning and semiconscious.

Helen flips on the light and grabs her clothes, starting to dress rapidly. She still doesn't recognize Harry, who is face down. He groans and starts to rise. She kicks him in the ribs and finishes putting her dress on. She sticks the bug under the night table and grabs her shoes. Mission accomplished, motherfuckers.

Harry grabs her ankle. She raises one shoe to kosh him again, and sees who it is. Freezeframe. Total shock. She can't even form the question.

HELEN
Harry-- ?!

234 INT. SUITE DOOR - NIGHT

CRASH!! The door lock is shattered by tremendous force and THREE MEN burst into the room. We may recognize them as workers from Juno's shop. They are wielding pistols and are clearly part of Malik's terrorist brigade.

Harry is still groggy, and he doesn't want to start anything with Helen there, and risk her getting shot. He acquiesces as they pull him to his feet.

HELEN
He's got nothing to do with this. It's me you want, right?

HARRY
(to lead TERRORIST)
Let the hooker go. She's not important.

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HELEN
Harry, be quiet. Let me handle this.

LEAD TERRORIST
Shutup, both of you.

During this exchange, the thugs have handcuffed Harry's hands behind his back. The leader gestures to one of the men to bring Helen along. Helen and Harry are dragged roughly out of the room with pistol-muzzles stuck in their ribs.

235 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The door from the corridor bangs open and the thugs hustle Harry and Helen down the fire-escape stairs.

HELEN
Listen, you don't need him, he's nothing. He's a sales rep for a computer company, really--

The thug leader cuffs her across the head to shut her up.

HELEN
That was unnecessary.

236 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOTEL - NIGHT

A fire door opens and the terrorists rush Harry and Helen to a RENTAL VAN waiting there with the door open. A FOURTH TERRORIST slides the van door shut after they get in and gets in behind the wheel. The van takes off.

237 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Harry and Helen are pushed face down on the floor, side by side.

HELEN
What were you doing there?

HARRY
You wouldn't believe me.

A pistol muzzle is jammed hard behind Helen's ear.

TERRORIST LEADER
Talk again, I kill you.

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238 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The rental van pulls up to a G-3 JET warming up outside a private hangar. The van doors open and the hostages are brought out. Harry sees a long black LIMO pulling up behind the van. The driver, an enormous man named AKBAR, hurries to open the passenger door. A slender pair of ankles emerge, followed by the rest of Juno Skinner, looking devastatingly beautiful but now quite sinister.

To Helen it is like a living James Bond film, with the jet, the limo, the terrorists, and now an exotic femme fatale, dressed to kill, approaching them.

JUNO
(with a wry smile)
Hello, Harry.

HARRY
Juno. I wish I could say it's a pleasure to see you again.

HELEN
You know her?

Juno signals with her eyes and the terrorists march the prisoners toward the plane.

JUNO
Who's your little friend?

HELEN
I'm Helen Tasker. Harry's my husband. And you are?

JUNO
(to Harry)
So now it's Tasker? Not Renquist?

239 INT. G-3 JET - NIGHT

They enter the luxurious passenger cabin of the plane. Helen has never seen anything like this.

HELEN
Look, Harry's not part of this. He's just a sales rep.

JUNO
No, my dear, he is a federal agent. He killed two of my colleagues the other night.

HELEN
No, you don't understand, we've been married for 15 years--

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HARRY
A man married 15 years takes his wife to screw in a fancy hotel. Oh yeah, that happens! Look, Juno, this is just some whacko hooker I met in the bar.

AKBAR and the other terrorists push Helen and Harry into seats and strap them in.

HELEN
Harry, what's the matter with you? Tell them the truth. We're married, we have a daughter--

HARRY
(looking at Helen contemptuously)
I don't know what this crazy bitch is on. You should just cut her loose, so we can get down to business.

HELEN
Oh yeah? Oh yeah? Then where did I get this?

Helen grabs the locket, dangling on a chain around her neck, and opens it to show Juno.

THE PICTURE IN THE LOCKET -- Harry and Helen together, smiling.

Harry rolls his eyes. Great, Helen. A FLIGHT HOSTESS walks up carrying a tray. Juno smiles graciously at Helen.

JUNO
Something before take-off?

The hostess whips a PNEUMATIC INJECTOR off the tray and zaps Helen in the shoulder.

HELEN
Oooowww!! That hurt. You biii--

She slumps. Juno looks at Harry.

JUNO
She was telling the truth, wasn't she Harry? She really doesn't know. Interesting.

Juno nods and the hostess zaps Harry. He slides into unconsciousness as the plane engines begin to SCREAM.

240 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The G-3 lifts into the night sky, turning south.

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241 EXT. PIER - NIGHT

A small FREIGHTER is tied up at a half-crumbling pier. Next to the pier is a dilapidated corrugated-metal warehouse building, two stories high. There are floodlights on the dock but beyond is black night, with the ghostly shapes of mangroves and palms. It is an abandoned facility on what appears to be a tiny island in the Carribean.

There is a lot of activity. Three U-RENT TRUCKS are parked by the warehouse, as well as some other vehicles. About thirty men, clearly CRIMSON JIHAD TERRORISTS are busy at various activities. Many of them carry AK47 assault rifles.

MALIK is supervizing them as they finish unloading a tarp-covered object about 15 feet high from the ship. A rusting gantry crane trundles it into the warehouse. Malik looks up as an AEROSPATIALE HELICOPTER thunders toward them over the black Carribean water.

The helicopter lands and Juno steps down from the front door. The sliding door is opened and Akbar and the others pull a groggy Harry and Helen out of the aircraft. They are covered by hoods.

Malik walks up to them and pulls their hoods off. Harry takes in his surroundings and looks back into the eyes of Malik. Lethal energy flows between them.

MALIK
Who is this woman?

JUNO
His wife.

MALIK
(seeing the possibilities)
His wife? Good. Bring them.

242 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Malik leads the entourage into the warehouse, where brilliant floodlights illuminate--

THREE HUGE STONE FIGURES, lined up in the middle of the space. The tarp is removed from the object they just unloaded, revealing A FOURTH STATUE. The figures are cracked and obscured by centuries, but they are unmistakably warriors mounted on horseback. The legs and arms are missing on some, but the massive heads and necks remain.

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JUNO
Incredible, aren't they? Warrior figures from the Persian Empire of Darius the First, around 500 BC. I call them "The Four Horsemen".

She approaches the nearest figure, caressing its flank. A man with a jackhammer steps up to her.

JUNO
They're absolutely priceless.

She shrugs and nods to the man with the jackhammer. He blasts right into the body of one of the Horseman, destroying it. Stone fragments fall away, revealing a cavity cut with great precision inside the figure.

Inside is a BRIGHT METAL CONTAINER. Four terrorists pull it out and set it on the ground. It is six feet long and coffin-like. Malik steps up to it, his eyes glittering. A hush has fallen over the group.

MALIK
Open it.

The latches are released and the lid lifted. Inside is machined metal object, roughly conical, about five feet long. Malik signals to Harry to step closer and look.

MALIK
Do you know what this is?

HARRY
Can you give me a clue? It could be a water heater for all I know.

Malik grabs Helen, jerking her roughly forward. He whips out a knife and inserts the point under Helen's jaw, forcing her head back and drawing blood.

MALIK
Do you know why you have been brought here?

HELEN
N-no.

MALIK
So that this man can verify to the world that Crimson Jihad is now a nuclear power.

HELEN
How can Harry do that? He's a salesman for chrissakes.

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MALIK
If we are wrong about him...
then the last thing you see will
be your blood spraying in his
face.

Harry steps forward, his face grim.

HARRY
This is a Soviet MIRV-Six, from
an SS-22N launch vehicle. The
warhead contains 14.5 kilos of
enriched uranium, with a
plutonium trigger. The nominal
yeild is 30 kilotons.
(in Farsi, subtitled)
Release her and I'll cooperate.

Malik lowers the knife from her jaw. He turns away from her like she has ceased to exist and yells at the terrorists to remove the other weapons. Jackhammers tear into the stone figures.

Helen is just staring at Harry, her mouth open. He turns to her, not knowing what to say. He shrugs sheepishly.

HARRY
What can I say? I'm a spy.

She just looks at him for a long time. She moves closer, staring and staring, letting it sink in. Then she hauls off and slugs him right in the jaw so hard it almost knocks him down.

HELEN
You bastard!! You lying son of
a bitch!!

Terrorists grab her and restrain her. She starts to cry.

HARRY
I'm sorry, honey.

HELEN
Don't call me honey! You don't
ever get to call me honey again.
You understand?! You pig!

Juno looks at them both and laughs. She offers Helen a tissue.

JUNO
Here you go, dear.

NEARBY, Akbar is going through the contents of Helen's handbag and Harry's wallet. He rips open the bottom stitching and pulls out the geo-positioning transmitter.

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AKBAR
Abu! Look at this!

Malik looks at the tracker and then smashes it to the floor. Helen looks at the crushed transmitter. She stares at Harry with dawning realization.

HELEN
You bugged me?!!

Juno cracks up at this.

243 INT. CITATION JET - NIGHT

The interior is fitted with sophisticated electronic gear like an AWACS plane. A TECHNICIAN looks up from a plotting board suddenly.

TECHNICIAN
We've lost the signal.

Gib, who has been pacing the aisle whirls to the plotting board.

GIB
Son of a bitch! Where?

TECHNICIAN
It stopped moving a few minutes before it dropped off. It's an island in the Keys, called No Name Key.

Gib goes up to the cockpit. They are on approach and the lights of Miami fill the front window.

PILOT
Miami TCA, we are on final.

GIB
Call our DEA contact, tell him I want those choppers flight-ready the second we land.

244 INT. WAREHOUSE - NO NAME KEY - NIGHT

TIGHT ON BLACK AND WHITE VIEWFINDER IMAGE of the terrorists' handycam. Harry is speaking directly into the camera, finishing up his message.

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HARRY
...and I can verify that they have the portable arming box and all equipment necessary to detonate the four warheads. This is absolutely the real thing, gentlemen.

The camera swings off Harry to Malik, standing before the rest of the Jihad warriors, who are assembled behind the four bombs.

MALIK
The Great Satan has killed our women and children, bombed our cities from afar like cowards, and dares to call us terrorists--

Over the image of Malik, a LOW-BATTERY warning begins to flash.

CUT TO SCENE, as Malik speaks into the camera, which is held by one of his men. The CAMERAMAN is sweating, wondering if he should interrupt. He gulps nervously as Malik drones on.

MALIK
-- But now the One True God has given us a mighty sword to do His will. Unless the US pulls all military forces out of the Persian Gulf area, immediately and forever, Crimson Jihad will rain fire on one major US city each week until these demands are met...

BACK TO VIEWFINDER IMAGE. BATTERY warning flashing faster.

MALIK
... First one weapon will be detonated on this uninhabited island as a demonstration of Crimson Jihad's power and our willingness to be humanitarian. However, if these demands are not--

In a burst of static the image GOES BLACK.

The cameraman nervously lowers the camera, ashen faced. Malik's eyes are black with murder.

CAMERAMAN
Battery, Abu.

MALIK
<u>Get another one, you moron</u>!

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245 INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

A filthy, crumbling cinderblock building (near the warehouse). A few bare light bulbs with bugs zipping around them, and no glass in the windows. Harry and Helen are brought in by two TERRORIST GUARDS. Juno follows them into the bleak room. Guards shackle them to steel chairs with handcuffs.

A MAN enters the room carrying a small suitcase. He has skull-like features. He opens the suitcase and Harry has a good view of the contents: medical instruments, needle-probes, drills, Dremel tools with saw blades.

JUNO
This is Samir. See if you can guess his specialty.

HARRY
Oral hygiene?

JUNO
Not exactly.

HELEN
(scared)
What's going on, Harry?

JUNO
Samir is just going to ask Harry a few questions. See, we're not even sure which agency Harry works for. Now, Samir is absolutely first class, but on the other hand we have Harry, here, who has managed to lie convincingly to the woman he loves for 15 years. So it will be interesting to see how long he can resist.

SAMIR
(holding up a syringe)
This will help.

Samir injects Harry in the arm with the syringe.

HARRY
You know, you should swab that with alcohol. I might get an infection.
(to Juno)
Why are you helping these raving psychotics.

JUNO
Because they're very well-funded raving psychotics, and I'm getting a <u>lot</u> of money.

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She kneels down in front of Harry, stroking his leg.

JUNO
See, there's no difference between the US now and Rome twenty centuries ago. All civilizations crumble. One nation succeeding over another, what does it mean in the long run? The only important thing is to live well. And... just like in ancient Rome or Babylon... living well takes *money*.

HARRY
You're damaged goods, lady.

Harry's words are beginning to be slightly slurred. The drugs are taking effect.

JUNO
(indicating Helen)
Did you tell her about us, Harry?

HARRY
There is no <u>us</u>, you psychotic bitch.

JUNO
Sure. Say that now.

Juno puts her arms around him and kisses him passionately. She breaks, looking at Helen to savor the effect. Helen is trembling with rage.

JUNO
Thanks for everything, Harry. It was good while it lasted.

Juno crosses to the guard and takes a hand-grenade off his belt. Then she goes to Helen and places it between her knees. She pushes Helen's knees together to hold the spoon against the grenade then pulls the pin.

JUNO
Now just keep your knees together, and you'll be fine.

HELEN
Something <u>you</u> obviously have a hard time doing!

JUNO
Hold that thought.

Juno leaves. Harry looks dopily at Helen.

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HARRY
There was nothing. I swear.

Helen doesn't believe him, and why should she. Samir steps up to Harry.

SAMIR
We are ready. So.
(He taps his watch, apologetic)
Sorry. I must pray to Allah five times a day. When I return, we begin.

Samir nods apologetically and leaves. Helen looks up from staring at the grenade, to see that Harry's head has slumped forward.

HELEN
What did he give you?

HARRY
(groggy)
Sodium amytal, maybe some other truth agents.

HELEN
It makes you tell the truth?

HARRY
Yes.

HELEN
Is it working yet?

HARRY
Ask me a question I would normally lie to.

HELEN
Are we going to die?

HARRY
Yup. They'll either torture us to death, shoot us in the head, or leave us until the bomb goes off.

HELEN
I'd say it's working. How long have you been a spy, Harry?

HARRY
17 years.

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HELEN
My God. Have you had to... have sex with other women in the line of duty?

HARRY
I don't take those assignments.

HELEN
What about Juno?

HARRY
She's really a fox, isn't she?

HELEN
Did you pork her Harry?

HARRY
No.
(pause)
But I wanted to.

HELEN
(crying)
Are you a total lying, scumsucking pig Harry?

HARRY
Looks that way.

246 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ON MALIK as he pokes through Harry and Helen's stuff on the table. He picks up Helen's wallet and opens it. ECU WALLET - a picture of Harry, Helen and Dana. Malik stares at it a moment. Then motions to one of his men.

247 INT. TORTURE ROOM - NIGHT

Samir lifts Harry's head and sees that he is pretty shitfaced.

SAMIR
Is there anything you would like to tell me before we start?

HARRY
Yes. I'm going to kill you pretty soon.

SAMIR
(calmly preparing his instruments)
I see. How exactly?

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SAMIR
Well, I thought I'd break your neck, then use you as a human shield, then kill the guard with that knife there on your table and take his gun.

Samir approaches Harry with a long steel needle probe.

SAMIR
(humoring Harry)
And what makes you think you can do all that?

HARRY
Because I picked the lock on these handcuffs...

He holds them up to show Samir. Then he explodes out of the chair-- Breaks the torturer's neck-- Spins him between himself and the guard-- Who then hesitates to fire-- Giving Harry the split second he needs to grab the knife from the table and throw it into the guard's eye, killing him instantly.

Helen is flat blown away. Wow. It only took a few seconds for Harry to reverse the situation. Her Harry! He picks up the guard's 9mm pistol and staggers over to her.

HARRY
Don't move.

He kneels down in front of her. Gently he slips his hands between her thighs, getting a grip on the grenade, then sliding his fingers slowly over the spoon to hold it securely.

He stops moving, suddenly. She realizes with a sudden jolt of terror that he has frozen.

HELEN
What is it?

HARRY
(staring transfixed)
God, you have great legs.

HELEN
Harry... snap out of it!

She sees how shitfaced he is. He holds the grenade up, gripped safely so the spoon can't fly off.

HARRY
Got it, baby.

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248 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Harry and Helen emerge from the building, creeping through the shadows. She stops him for a second. Gets very close to him, whispering, crouched in the shadows.

HELEN
Tell me something before this stuff wears off and you start lying again.

HARRY
What?

HELEN
Do you still love me?

HARRY
Yes.

HELEN
As much as you used to?

HARRY
No.
(she deflates)
Much more.

She looks into his eyes, and knows he is telling the truth. At that moment, they hear yelling from the cinder-block building.

HARRY
They found the bodies. Come on--

249 EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

Harry takes her hand and they sprint for cover at the edge of the mangrove swamp. A LIGHT HITS THEM. TWO TERRORISTS, running around the corner, open fire with AK47s just as Harry and Helen reach the trees. Mangrove trunks explode with bullet hits as they splash through the darkness.

TWO MORE TERRORISTS join the others and all four plunge into the swamp after the fleeing prisoners. Their lights sweep among the twisted trees, casting alien shadows.

250 EXT. BRUSH - NIGHT

ON HARRY, leaping through the brush, alone, like a jungle cat.

251 EXT. BRUSH - TERRORISTS TRACKING - NIGHT

TRACKING WITH THE TERRORISTS as they divide into two teams, fanning out through the swamp with their AKs poised.

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As two of them pass a certain spot, Harry rises from the water behind them and grabs one from behind. He wrests his rifle away and swings it at the other, knocking his AK down into the water. The first terrorist draws a knife and slashes at him, but Harry grabs his knife arm and swings the blade into his partner. Then he elbow smashes the first guy and seizes him in a two-hand neck-breaker-- SNAP.

252 EXT. BRUSH - NIGHT

The other two terrorists come at him through the trees, firing. Bursts of spray shoot up all around Harry as he grabs a dropped assault rifle and takes them out with two well-aimed bursts. Silence in the swamp. Helen comes out of the shadows of a big mangrove tree. She stares at Harry in amazement. His shirt is ripped, he is scratched and bleeding, holding an assault rifle expertly and scanning the brush like a feral animal. "I married Rambo".

HELEN
Harry, that was... amazing.

He grabs her and kisses her passionately.

HARRY
Let's go.

253 EXT. WAREHOUSE / SWAMP - NIGHT

Harry and Helen crouch at the treeline near the backside of the warehouse building.

HELEN
What are we doing?

HARRY
We can't get far enough on this island to make a difference when the bomb goes off. We have to stop these guys.

HELEN
Oh.

254 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

LOOKING DOWN FROM A CATWALK on the activity below The four horsemen statues and several utility trucks almost fill the floorspace. A rental truck is being loaded with conventional weapons, including machine guns and several HAND-LAUNCHED STINGER MISSILES. One of the nukes has been lowered into a pit cut in the concrete floor. Malik and most of the terrorists are gathered around it.

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A GUARD, F.G. on the catwalk, watches intently from the railing. So intently that he doesn't hear Harry sneak up on him. SNAP. Harry catches the guard's MAC-10 machine pistol before it can hit the floor. He and Helen crouch behind a steel pillar, watching the proceedings below. Helen keeps glancing at the dead guard, killed so effortlessly a moment before by her husband. It is all surreal.

BELOW, MALIK is shouting in his native language. He pulls a chain from around his neck and holds up a METAL ARMING KEY. Then jumps down into the pit and inserts it into the warhead's arming computer. Harry is listening intently, translating for Helen.

HARRY
In ninety minutes Allah, blessed be His name... will speak with Holy fire at this place.
(Malik theatrically turns the arming key)
It is done...

Malik jumps out of the pit. He signals and terrorists pour concrete into the pit, covering the bomb. He begins ranting again.

HARRY
Now no man can stop it. We are set on our course. No force can stop us...
(ad libbing)
... we're cool, we're badass, blah blah.

255 INT. WAREHOUSE - DOWN BELOW - NIGHT

Malik raises his fist and chants some Crimson Jihad slogans. The terrorists echo the chant and then cheer, firing their guns in the air. Harry pulls Helen back as ricochets clatter all over the inside of the metal building.

Malik shouts something and all the terrorists go back to work at double time. They are loading warheads Two and Three onto trucks (one per truck) and the last, number Four, is being wheeled out on a cart to the Aerospatiale outside.

256 INT. WAREHOUSE - ON CATWALK - NIGHT

HELEN
If we're on an island, why are they using trucks?

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HARRY
We must be in the Florida Keys somewhere. The Overseas Highway connects all the islands to the mainland.

HELEN
What are you going to do?

HARRY
(shrugs, like: what do you think?)
Go down there and kill everybody, I guess.

He hands her the MAC-10. She holds it clumsily.

HELEN
Oh shit.

HARRY
Wait here. If you have to use this, use it. Don't choke. Okay?

She nods gamely and Harry starts down the steel stairs to the floor below.

257 INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

ON HARRY, reaching the floor. He slips behind some packing crates. Then swings into action-- He hurls the grenade as hard as he can, down to the other end of the building. KABOOM!! He uses the distraction to move forward. But it goes wrong almost right away... A TERRORIST comes around a corner behind him, shouts-- Harry dives for cover as the guy fires, but-- He trips on a pipe and goes sprawling-- Losing the AK47, which slides under some equipment and-- Seven terrorists run toward him, with guns raised.

HARRY
(to Helen)
SHOOT!!

258 INT. WAREHOUSE - CATWALK - NIGHT

HELEN fires a burst at the terrorists, actually hitting one! But-- The recoil knocks her back, into a metal column, and the gun

FLIES OUT OF HER HANDS.
It falls to the metal steps and hits-- Going off. B-B-BLAM! The burst kills two more terrorists, and-- The Mac-10 cartwheels and hits further down. ANOTHER BURST. Another terrorist is splattered.

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It spins and hits another step-- ANOTHER RANDOM BURST MIRACULOUSLY KILLS THE LAST TWO TERRORISTS!!

She has inadvertently saved her husband. Harry looks up from behind cover-- to see all seven dead. Now it's his turn to be amazed. He signals to her to run... get off the exposed catwalk. She makes it through the door to the outside stairs as bullets start hitting the steel walls behind her.

259 INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

A TERRORIST with a knife runs at the unarmed Harry. Harry snatches up a jack-hammer and BRAT-TAT-TAT-- Drives it into the guy's chest. Then he-- Grabs an AK from one of the fallen terrorists and opens fire. Malik shouts to the drivers of the trucks to get going. The other terrorists return fire at Harry-- Who sprints from cover to cover, reaching a side-door-- Where he rakes one of the passing trucks with a burst-- But terrorists behind him in the building have a clear shot and rounds hit the wall next to him as he-- Dives through the door--

260 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

--landing outside. He takes cover behind an aircraft REFUELING TRUCK. Not a good place. He is pinned down by automatic weapons fire. He looks around for Helen, who is--

261 EXT. WAREHOUSE - BEHIND A FORKLIFT - NIGHT

50 yards away. She is unarmed and unable to help.

262 EXT. WAREHOUSE - BEHIND A REFUELING TRUCK - NIGHT

HARRY cranks up the pump on the refueling truck and grabs the nozzle of the hose. He opens the flow and-- A stream of JET-FUEL blasts out of the nozzle and-- Harry fires his AK right across the nozzle-- The muzzle-blast ignites the av-gas and he has a flame thrower with a 70 foot reach.

Harry, lit demonically by the inferno, paints the whole area, setting vehicles afire, and scattering the terrorists.

263 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Through the flames and smoke he sees one of the men hand Malik a LAW rocket. Malik snaps it to his shoulder, preparing to fire.

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264 EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Harry runs toward the edge of the dock thirty feet away as-- MALIK fires. The rocket shoots toward the truck and-- Harry leaps toward the dark water as-- KABOOOM! Behind him the gas truck EXPLODES IN A HUGE FIREBALL.

265 EXT. UNDERWATER - OFF OF DOCK - NIGHT

ANGLE LOOKING UP, UNDERWATER, as Harry hits the water and dives down. An instant later a sheet of fire sweeps across the surface above him. Harry kicks hard, trying to swim beyond the inferno above him so he can surface.

266 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON HELEN, watching the burning wreckage of the gas truck.

HELEN
Oh my God. Harry.

A PISTOL ENTERS FRAME. Its muzzle taps the back of her head. She gasps and turns to see-- JUNO, holding the weapon expertly.

JUNO
My condolences to the widow.
Let's go, Suzy Homemaker.

Juno grabs her and yanks her to her feet.

267 EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Harry is still swimming. He reaches the edge of the fire and surfaces, gasping for breath. Treading water he scans the dock.

268 EXT. WATER OFF THE DOCK - HARRY'S POV - NIGHT

Amid the fire and smoke, he sees Juno walking Helen at gunpoint toward a LIMO.

269 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

TRACKING WITH JUNO, approaching the car. Malik passes, heading for the copter on which bomb four has been loaded.

MALIK
Kill her.

JUNO
We may need a hostage.

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Malik nods, almost imperceptably as he goes by. He jumps into the Aerospatiale with his few remaining men. The fourth bomb is clearly visible as the sliding door is closed. The copter pulls pitch, fanning the flames of the inferno below as it arcs away.

AKBAR, the 300 pound terrorist/chaufeur opens the door and Juno gets into the limo with Helen. Akbar scrunches into the front seat and starts the car.

270 EXT. RAMP TO HIGHWAY - PREDAWN

There is just enough light to see some geography. The island is very tiny. Running right over it and to the horizon in both directions is the OVERSEAS HIGHWAY. Two causeways, side by side, supported by concrete trestles. The terrorists' trucks rumble up an on-ramp past a sign that says MIAMI - 110. The limo is the last member of the convoy. The Aerospatiale passes overhead, hugging the deck, headed for Miami at 150 knots.

271 EXT. DOCK/ WAREHOUSE - DAWN

It looks like the aftermath of a battle... burning wreckage, black smoke, bodies. Not a living soul around. The smoke swirls as two big BELL 206 HELICOPTERS settle on the middle of the dock. GIB jumps out of the nearest with an AR-15, scanning the wreckage. Several of his men, and a couple of DEA agents, spread out. Gib breaks into a grin as he sees--

HARRY, materializing out of the swirling smoke. Dripping wet, clothes ripped and bloody. But okay.

GIB
I thought this looked like your work.

HARRY
Let's go. I'll brief you in the air.

GIB
You're welcome.

272 INT. BELL 206 - DAY

Gib and Harry are working out of brief-case mobile com-units. Several Omega agents with headsets are reading maps, giving commands, coordinating the evacuation, mobilizing their own forces. The energy is controlled but very high, everybody talking at once. This is the day they have all trained for. It is impressive to watch.

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GIB
--you tell the son of bitch this is a Bright Boy Alert. Repeat, a Bright Boy Alert. And I need a patch to the White House asap. That's right--

HARRY
(overlapping)
... the Coast Guard has to clear them back to a twenty mile radius. Anybody that can't make the minimum safe distance we need an airlift on, immediately--

Gib whips around to Harry, lowering his headset mike.

GIB
I can get 3 Marine Corps Harriers here in about 12 minutes. They're on maneuvers about a hundred miles from here.

HARRY
(checking his watch)
Get 'em. I'll brief them on the way in.

273 EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY - DAY

TRAFFIC on the two causeways is almost non-existant this early in the morning. The three rental trucks, followed by the limo about a mile back, are almost the only vehicles.

274 INT. LIMO - DAY

Juno has a 9mm pistol aimed at Helen. She opens the sunroof, letting in the morning light and air. Then pours herself a Scotch from the bar.

JUNO
Like one?

HELEN
(eyes like steel)
Fuck you.

275 INT. BELL 206 COPTER - DAY

HARRY AND GIB are both talking a mile a minute, coordinating the the evacuation of the highway and the surrounding area.

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GIB
... well get the Highway Patrol to go through the streets and tell everybody on their damn loudspeakers. Just the basics... get away from windows, don't look at it... yeah--

HARRY
Here they come.

Gib looks out the window in time to see--

THREE hunch-winged V.S.T.O.L. HARRIER jets pass them at 500 knots.

HARRY
(to the pilots)
Roger, Mike Three Five, you are cleared to engage. Be advised, your targets have Stingers and light machine guns.

276 INT. COCKPIT OF LEAD HARRIER - DAY

The pilot, like all jet pilots, seems icy calm.

PILOT
Copy that, Bright Boy command.
(to his wingmen)
Tally ho.

277 EXT. OVERSEAS HIGHWAY - DAY

The terrorists see the Harriers approaching on a low attack run, and scramble to get out their Stingers.

The Harriers open fire with cannons and rocket pods on the trucks below. The 20mm cannons rip the ocean on either side of the causeway into plumes of spray.

278 EXT. HIGHWAY - ON TRUCK - DAY

One of the trucks is hit. It slides sideways, flips over, and explodes. The terrorists on one of the other trucks fire a Stinger missile.

279 EXT. ABOVE HIGHWAY - ON HARRIER - DAY

It arrows up, blowing one wing off the lead Harrier. The pilot ejects as the plane cartwheels into the sea and explodes.

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280 INT. BELL 206 COPTER - DAY

Harry sees the battle far ahead... the exploding jet.

HARRY
(to the pilots)
If those trucks get to the mainland, we got big problems. Recommend use your Sidewinders on the causeway.

PILOT (OVER)
They won't set off those nukes will they?

HARRY
Negative, Mike Three Five. That's a negative.
(low, to Gib)
Probably not.

281 EXT. HIGHWAY/ OCEAN - DAY

One of the Harriers goes into FULL HOVER over the water and fires two Sidewinder missiles at the causeway right in front of the trucks.

282 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The missiles hit between the two trucks. K-BOOOOM!! A whole section of the concrete span collapses into the water.

283 EXT. HIGHWAY - TRUCKS - DAY

The first truck just makes it ahead of the blast. The second tumbles 50 feet into the water.

284 INT. / EXT. LIMO - DAY

Juno is trying to see what's going on ahead. All they can see is smoke and explosions. Akbar is speaking heatedly (in Farsi) into a walky talky and getting no answer.

Helen uses this moment of distraction to lunge forward, grabbing the gun. Juno fires wildly as they struggle for control of the weapon. The sound is deafening in the tiny space. The second shot catches Akbar behind the ear, and he slumps forward. His foot mashes down on the accelerator pedal and the car surges faster.

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285 EXT. HIGHWAY/ BATTLE SITE - DAY

The third Harrier fires a Sidewinder and blows the the remaining truck into tinfoil. Battle over. Two bombs down.

286 INT. BELL 206 COPTER - DAY

The columns of smoke from the battle are still a couple miles ahead of the copter.

HARRY
Good shooting, Mike Three Five.
I need you to stay on station.
(to Gib)
That's two down.
(to the copter pilot)
Okay. You see that limo?

287 EXT. LIMO - HIGHWAY - DAY

THE LIMO tracks lazily back and forth across the lanes from one guardrail to the other, throwing sheets of sparks where it hits. It is funneled along the causeway, unslowed, like an out-of-control-train.

288 INT. LIMO - DAY

INSIDE, Helen knocks Juno's hands against the edge of the open sunroof and the pistol goes flying out.

HELEN
You... bitch!!

Helen is raging, grabbing Juno's head and pounding it against anything hard she can find inside the car. Suddenly she stops, looking out the front window. Juno turns too, off her look, to see-- ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD. The causeway is blown away about a quarter mile ahead.

JUNO
Shit!

Juno climbs through the window into the front seat, tugging on the dead driver. The heavyset Akbar is like a bag of cement. Helen looks up through the sunroof and sees--

289 EXT. ABOVE LIMO - DAY

THE BELL 206 COPTER, descending rapidly. Harry is climbing out onto the skid. He hooks one arm and leg over the skid and hangs down as low as he can. HELEN stands up in the opening and waves her arms.

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290 INT. / EXT. BELL COPTER/ LIMO - DAY

Gib is yelling at the DEA pilot, who's not thrilled with this idea.

GIB
Get lower, goddamnit! Right now!

Harry strains downward with one hand. Helen reaches up toward him. The car screeches along the guard-rail, slamming against it, throwing her from side to side in the sunroof. Their fingers touch, then separate. She looks-- the limo is almost to the precipice.

291 INT. LIMO - DAY

INSIDE THE CAR, Juno is desperately pulling on the inert driver. He slumps over on her, pinning her. She looks over the dash as the shattered edge of the causeway rushes toward them--

292 EXT. LIMO - DAY

HARRY'S HAND grabs Helen's. He pulls her out of the car just as the limo clears the edge. She is jerked through the sunroof, screaming. The car falls away, arcing gracefully to the ocean below. It hits with an enormous explosion of water.

293 INT. / EXT. BELL 206 COPTER - DAY

HARRY PULLS HELEN up onto the skid with him, getting her stable. She is gasping, holding on for dear life. She looks down at the ocean, the burning wreckage on the bridge, the whole unbelievable panorama.

Then she looks at Harry and-- Grins. She's alive! And so is he. And not only that, this is the biggest rush of her life. Harry grins back. Surprised and pleased that she is more of a soul-mate than he ever knew.

CUT TO:

294 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

ANGLE ON A HARRIER, landing in full-hover on the causeway. The shriek of the jet engine is enormous. It bounces down onto its wheels like a big inscect. The other remaining Harrier is already down, behind it.

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295 EXT. BELL 206 -DAY

TRACKING past burning wreckage to Harry's Bell 206 just settling on the highway. B.G. the other DEA Bell 206 is landing with the Harrier pilot who ejected hanging in a sling. Harry jumps out of the open door, followed by Helen and Gib.

296 EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY

Helen and Harry move away from the agents. They are safe and together. They look at each other, and there is nothing to say. Harry leans forward to kiss her. She reaches for him. Their lips meet.

297 EXT. CAUSEWAY - HARRIERS IN BACKGROUND - DAY

And they are locked together in that position when the sky lights up behind them. Talk about fireworks. Harry covers her eyes quickly and turns her away from the flash.

HARRY
We're safe here.

GIB
(with a megaphone/ to everybody)
Don't look at the flash. Do not look at the flash.

They are in no danger, eighty miles from ground zero, but the effect is stunning. The classic mushroom cloud appears at the horizon. Helen watches, awed, the most glorious and terrifying sight of our age.

The two young Harrier pilots stand nearby, watching the mushroom disperse. Gib is with the other Omega agents, his finger pressed in his ear, listening to his headset. He waves to Harry to come to him.

Harry detaches from Helen and walks over to him. Helen watches him go... back to work. She glances over at the two Harrier pilots.

HELEN
(to the pilots)
That's my husband.

HARRY goes into a huddle with Gib and the others.

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GIB
Malik's copter landed twenty minutes ago in Miami. He's on the top of a high-rise downtown. SWAT's on the scene, and I got the cops sealing off the area, but it's apeshit there right now. It's totally nuts in the streets.

HARRY
Did he release his tape?

AGENT
First thing he did. It's already been fed out nationally on all three networks.

GIB
He rendesvous'd there with about a dozen more faction members. They're barricaded on the twentieth floor.
(he gets very serious)
Harry, they have a hostage. It's Dana.

HARRY
My Dana!?

GIB
They must have grabbed her during the night... we didn't know. Sorry, Harry, I--

298 EXT. HARRIER - DAY

But Harry is already moving. He sprints toward the nearest Harrier, which is idling nearby. Gib runs after him.

GIB
Harry! We'll get her out--
Harry!! Aw, shit... *here we go.*

Harry walks up to the young pilot...

HARRY
I need to borrow this thing for a few minutes.

He pushes past the pilot before the guy can react.

PILOT
Uh, sir--

Gib catches Harry climbing up into the plane.

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GIB
I'd like to remind you that you do not, in fact, know how to fly a Harrier.

HARRY
If I bust it, I'll pay for it.

299 INT. HARRIER - DAY

Harry climbs into the cockpit. He doesn't have a G-suit or a helmet or anything. He just has his walky on his belt.

PILOT
Is he type-rated in these?

GIB
Of course. Sure. He used to be a Marine Corps pilot. No problem.

INSIDE THE CRAMPED COCKPIT, Harry looks around for the lever which vectors the thrust. Finds it, and sets it to 90 degrees (vertical). He bangs the canopy closed and brings the throttle up to FULL.

The big plane wobbles off the ground like a drunken bumble-bee. It drifts sideways and everybody runs to get out of the way. At about six feet above the ground it slides sideways, clips the top of some truck wreckage, drops, bounces its nose-wheel off the pavement then-- It lifts unsteadily straight into the sky.

Harry pushes the vector lever forward and the thrust-nozzles turn, accelerating the plane forward.

300 EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY

Gib is standing, watching Harry go. He never believes this guy. Harry's voice comes over the walky...

HARRY
Tell Helen what's going on. Tell her I love her. And ask the pilot where the button for the 20mm cannon is-- never mind. I found it.

The plane disappears toward Miami.

301 EXT. HIGH RISE - MIAMI - DAY

AN AERIAL SHOT, circling the building. It is an unfinished building in the high-rise district. The Aerospatiale sits on the roof, its rotor turning slowly. The street below is jammed with cars. Honking horns echo up the glass canyons.

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302 EXT. STREET - DAY

ANGLE AT STREETLEVEL as cops use bullhorns and bad attitudes to clear the street around the building, setting up a perimeter two blocks away.

303 INT. HIGH RISE - DAY

INSIDE THE HIGH RISE the terrorists have barricaded themselves on the twentieth floor. There are 12 TERRORISTS, all with automatic weapons. Occasionally one of them will fire a burst down a stairwell with an AK-47. Miami-Dade SWAT team members are deployed in the stairwell but are keeping their distance.

304 INT. HIGH RISE - ON THE 21ST FLOOR - DAY

Malik is sequestered with the bomb. It sits on the floor, still in its shipping case. Dana stands nearby, looking scared. She is not tied up. Where can she go?

She watches Malik go to the warhead and insert his arming key. He has a TV set up on some crates, and we see that his video-taped demands are running on CNN. Harry's face fills the screen, verifying the the nuclear weapons as a real threat. He is identified at the bottom of the screen as HARRY TASKER, ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION. Dana stares at her father's face on the national news. It's like a bad dream. She has been crying but she is fairly composed now.

DANA
I have to go to the bathroom.

The terrorists ignore her. A terrified ACTION NEWS REPORTER and his CAMERAMAN, under guard by TWO TERRORISTS, are hastily setting up to shoot Malik.

CAMERAMAN
Tape is rolling.

MALIK
This is a communique from Crimson Jihad. You have heard from your own expert. You have seen the Holy fire with your own eyes. Do not force us to destroy this city. And do not try to use force against us. I can trigger this bomb instantly. All I have to do is turn that key...
(he points fiercely at the bomb)
... and five million of your people will die.

The reporter glances down, nervously.

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REPORTER
What key?

MALIK
(pointing like the guy's blind)
That key right there!

Malik looks down. The key is gone.

MALIK
(to his men)
Someone has stolen the key!

He turns, looking around wildly. Malik then sees Dana running for the stairwell to the roof. He pulls a pistol and shoots at her, but hits the wall as she bangs through the door. He runs after her.

305 EXT. BUILDING / ROOF - DAY

ON THE ROOF. Malik bursts through the stairwell door. His TWO MEN have followed him. Malik stops suddenly when he sees--Dana standing at the edge of the roof. She is holding the ARMING KEY by its chain. Dangling it over the edge. He signals to his men not to fire.

DANA
(terrified, but thinking)
You shoot me, this'll fall.

Malik advances slowly, his eyes glittering ferally. She backs up a step with each of his, moving along the edge of the roof. Malik keeps his pistol aimed at her chest.

DANA
Don't come any closer. I'll drop it! I swear to God.

MALIK
If you drop it, I will have no reason not to kill you.

He advances, calling her bluff. She backs away from him along the edge.

MALIK
Come on, child. Give me the key.
(smiling)
Don't you want to live? I give you my word.

DANA
No way you whacko.

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She reaches the corner of the building. Her back touches something. It is the boom of a small crane, used for lifting building supplies. Careful to keep the key dangling over open space, Dana climbs up on the lattice-work boom and moves out beyond the edge of the building, never taking her eyes off Malik. She is hyperventilating, terrified, but thinking clearly.

Malik steps up on the crane, crawling out after her. He knows she will not drop the key as long as he has the gun. It is a game which will end when she reaches the end of the boom. Dana puts the key between her teeth so she can hang on better. It is windy and the boom is swinging.

306 INT. 20TH FLOOR - DAY

The Crimson Jihad warriors hear a thunderous, shrieking roar and look toward the window.

307 EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

RISING INTO VIEW, LIKE A GARGOYLE FROM HELL, IS THE HARRIER. It fills the windows completely, hovering only a few feet outside. The terrorists raise their AK-47s to fire just as Harry hits the 20mm nose-cannon.

308 INT. / EXT. HIGH RISE - 20TH FLOOR - DAY

Glass explodes into glittering mist, and terrorists explode into bloody spray as Harry pivots the plane and the cannon sweeps the floor clear from side to side. The Crimson Jihad is vaporized.

309 EXT. ROOF - CRANE BOOM - DAY

Malik hears the thunder of the jet and the firing, but from where he is he can't see what's going on. He focuses on the key. He must have that key.

310 EXT. ROOF - NEAR HELICOPTERS - DAY

Malik's TWO REMAINING MEN run to the helicopter, gesticulating to the pilot to get ready to take off. The pilot revs the turbine and the rotor whirls faster. The two men jump in, picking up M-60 machine guns.

311 EXT. ROOF - CRANE BOOM - DAY

MALIK IS STILL ADVANCING out the crane boom. Dana slips as she backs up, toppling off the boom. She is hanging now by her hands over a 20 story drop.

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Malik is almost to her. He needs a hand free to grab her. He sets his gun down on the girder. He grabs for her wrist.

312 EXT. ROOF - OVERLOOKING EDGE - DAY

ANGLE LOOKING DOWN. Malik, Dana, the street far below. With an unbelievable roar the Harrier sweeps in beneath Dana, FILLING FRAME.

313 EXT. CRANE BOOM / OVER EDGE - DAY

Harry has the canopy up. Malik sees Harry, ten feet below. His eyes narrow with an all-consuming rage. He glances at the pistol on the beam. Back at the girl, the key in her teeth-- So close.

Harry maneuvers the cockpit directly under Dana.

HARRY
(shouting)
Let go baby! I've got you!
Daddy's got you!

314 EXT. ROOF / HARRIER - DAY

Malik lunges for her wrist. She screams and lets go-- Dana drops and hits the windshield of the hovering jet-- Harry grabs her with his left hand, right hand still on the stick-- He holds her until she can get a grip. She is lying across the nose of the plane. Harry starts to bank away and--

315 EXT. CRANE BOOM - DAY

Malik shrieks in rage. He grabs his 9mm pistol and leaps off the crane--

316 EXT. HARRIER - DAY

Onto the back of the plane. He starts crawling toward the cockpit. Dana screams and Harry looks back, but just then--

317 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The Aerospatiale swings around the building right in front of them-- The door-gunner OPENS FIRE.

318 EXT. HARRIER - DAY

Harry banks hard, taking the hits under the wing. He pivots and slides sideways around the building, playing tag with the copter.

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He can't do anything radical enough to dislodge Malik without tossing off his own daughter.

319 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The helicopter appears around the corner, guns blazing in the doors. Harry pivots the plane and FIRES THE NOSE CANNON. The helicopter is riddled. It tilts and plummets, auto-rotating out of control.

320 EXT. BUILDING - ANGLE AT STREETLEVEL - DAY

As the copter hits the ground and explodes. Fortunately the police had created a cleared perimeter.

321 EXT. HARRIER - DAY

THE HARRIER dips and slews, half out of control. Malik is taking aim with the pistol, right at Harry's head. Harry grabs his daughter with his left hand, holding her with all his strength and he-- Jinks the stick hard, just as-- Malik opens fire, but-- The plane tilts wildly and Malik topples, screaming-- He slides along the wing, and falls over the leading edge-- Only to catch himself on the only available hand-hold-- The last Sidewinder missile.

322 EXT. HARRIER / SIDEWINDER - DAY

Harry and Malik lock eyes for one long second. Then Harry hits the FIRING STUD. The Sidewinder drops away and ignites. Carrying Malik out over Miami beach. It explodes a mile out to sea.

323 INT. HARRIER - COCKPIT - DAY

HARRY PULLS DANA into the cockpit, settling her on his lap.

HARRY
Don't touch the stick, baby.

She stares at her father in amazement. He banks away from the building, accelerating the jet. He grins at her. Raises one eyebrow. Woggles the plane's wings.

HARRY
Hi, pumpkin.

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ONE YEAR LATER

324 INT. TASKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Dinner at home, and everybody's there. We come in on the end of some story that everybody thinks is hysterical.

HELEN
... you should have seen your father, standing there all covered with spaghetti sauce. He looked like such a dope.

HARRY
I told the guy---
(snorts, it's too funny)
I told the guy, this isn't even my order!

Dana is laughing too, a part of it. They are happy. They are a family. Dana gets up, her meal half-eaten as usual.

DANA
I'm done.

She heads for the front door.

HARRY
I seem to remember something about a history project that's due tomorrow.

DANA
(busted)
Dad. You just think you know everything, don't you?

Dana trudges off to her room to do her homework. The phone rings. Helen answers.

VOICE
Boris and Doris?

HELEN
(calmly, signalling Harry with her eyes)
Go ahead.

325 INT. EMBASSY PARTY - NIGHT

It is a black tie affair. Very glitzy. CAMERA SWOOPS over the guests, sipping champagne and dancing. It is an embassy crowd, very international. HARRY AND HELEN work their way through the crowd. He is in tux, hair slicked back, looking rakish. She is elegant in a low-cut gown and diamond choker.

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Harry scoops two glasses of champagne off a passing tray and hands her one.

326 INT. VAN - NIGHT

VERY CLOSE ON GIB, hunched in a dark van someplace nearby. He speaks into his headset mike.

GIB
So, what's the scoop, team? You see your contact yet?

327 INT. PARTY - NIGHT

HELEN AND HARRY smile and nod as if they know people. Speaking very low, Helen answer Gib via SUB-VOCAL transceiver.

HELEN
Not yet. But we'll find him.

HARRY
Dance?

He whirls her across the floor and the CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP as they dance.

FADE OUT

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